



Just Float by **kanakarogoh**

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Summary: Monika: Hello, can you hear me? Everything here is wrong, people are disappearing and someone else is tampering with our world. Please, if you are reading this then please...Help me!

1. Part 1: Anonymous

Rain poured from the gray clouds above, the raindrops didn't seem to lay off as it covered a nice grey house with cinder tiles forming a pathway that led from the brown door towards the cement street. Each window was lit up with an orange glow that seemed out of place when the screams started.

"Don't you dare run from me young lady!" A man within the house growled, his voice was so loud that it was audible from down the streets. People passing by could hear the sound of breaking glass or ornaments being knocked over. The growl was accompanied by the screams of what sounded like a young girl.

"Get back here Natsuki!" The man demanded. Suddenly the doors swung open with a petite girl with pastel pink hair running out with tears in her swollen pink eyes. She wore a black torn shirt with no sleeves and a blue skirt. She was covered with purple bruises and a busted lip.

"NATSUKI!!!!" Her father shouted in a feeble attempt to find her. Natsuki didn't care what her father said, she didn't care that she just ran into the heavy rainfall barefooted, she just wanted to get away from him. She kept running and running, until she no longer had the breath to continued. She stopped and took a breather, curling up into a ball under a tree branch for shelter. The young girl stared into the puddle that reflected her beaten body. Her father had just found out that she had been hiding a secret collection of manga in her room, needless to say he was very mad. Natsuki cried into her arms as she wished her father would just disappear, why must she be the one to endure this trauma while everybody else lived their lives all hunky-dory? It wasn't fair!

A shadow casted over Natsuki, forcing her to sense a tall figure towering over her. Anger suddenly flowed through Natsuki's face as she figured that it could've only have been her father. Of course he would find her so quickly, the young girl barely made any attempt to hide. This wasn't fair to her, she wanted it all to end so badly. She closed her eyes and lifted her head towards the presence.

"WHY WON'T YOU JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!!?!!!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. It was her last desperate attempt to rebel against her own parent. Too her surprise however, there was no response.

"Huh?" She gasped in confusion. Usually she would've felt something hurt her or at least a forceful grip on her skinny arms but, none of the sort had come to transpire. She opened her eyes to see... Nothing. She was completely alone, despite the fact that she felt the presence of someone near her. The rain made the entire neighborhood nothing but a dark blue haze with the only visible thing she was able to perceive being a bright red balloon. Natsuki stared at the balloon in confusion, it was just there, hovering above her.

"What's something like this doing here?" She wondered, before standing up to take a closer look. Despite the fact that it was raining harshly, Natsuki was still able to see something standing within the balloon's reflective surface.

POP!

Suddenly the balloon popped, causing Natsuki to jump in shock. The sudden confusion soon turned into fear as she could see her father, slowly walking towards her from the distance.

"NO!" She screamed. Tears flowing from her eyes as she couldn't muster the strength to run. All she could do was stand there and let her father have his way with her. Despite all of this, the last thing Natsuki saw... Was her father's skin turning a ghastly pale white.

BASED ON DOKI DOKI LITERATURE CLUB BY DAN SALVATO AND
IT BY STEPHEN KING

JUST FLOAT

Part 1: Anonymous

THE NEXT DAY...

You had just locked the door with the house keys your parents left before going out on a vacation. They never told you where, just that they would be back in a month. You weren't phased by this however, stuff like this has happened before to the point where you could

consider it a yearly occurrence. You sighed at the thought of your parents before walking across the sidewalk, throwing your book-bag across your back while passing by your neighbor's houses. Today marked the beginning of your last year of high school and you weren't looking forward to it. You have never given the time to join any clubs or participate in activities to give you any memories to be fond of, so this whole thing just felt like a waste of time.

"Heeeeeeeeyyy!!"

Speaking of a waste of time, you see an annoying girl with coral pink hair running toward you from the distance, waving her arms in the air like she's totally oblivious to any attention she might draw to herself. That girl was Sayori, your neighbor and good friend since the two of you were children. She was the kind of friend you'd never see yourself making today, but it just kind of works out because you've known each other for so long. On days like these you used to walk with her to school, but starting around high school she started to oversleep more and more frequently, soon you started to get tired of waiting for her. But if she was going to chase after you like this, you would start to feel the need to run away from her. In the end, you decided to just sigh and idle in front of the crosswalk to let Sayori catch up. She was wearing a gray blazer over both a brown sweater vest and a white collared shirt. She also wore a dark blue skirt with white leggings and slippers. You felt slightly irritated upon seeing her blazer unbuttoned, doesn't she realize that the school code requires her to button up? She finally caught up, immediately stopping to catch her breath

"Haaahhh... haaahhh... I overslept again!" She gasped. Her sky blue eyes stared at you with a weirdly placed spark of determination.

"But I caught you this time!" She claimed, almost as if that was some sort of achievement. You rolled your eyes in response.

"Maybe, but only because I decided to stop and wait for you." You retorted. Sayori puffed up her cheeks with an annoyed expression.

"Eeehhhhh, you say that like you were thinking about ignoring me! That's mean, anon!" She claimed, nervously pressing both of her index fingers together. You frowned at her. What did she expect? Of

course you would think about doing that if she's going to garner unwanted attention.

"Well, if people stare at you for acting weird then I don't want them to think we're a couple or something." You informed half-heartedly. Sayori pouted a bit, annoyed that her childhood friend of all people would think about abandoning her. She felt hurt to be honest, but quickly understood where you must be coming from.

"Fine, fine. But you did wait for me, after all. I guess you don't have it in you to be mean even if you want to." She reluctantly complied with a casual smile. There was some truth to her words, if you truly could not care that much about her like you were implying, then you would have no problem leaving her as she was running towards you. You rolled your eyes once again. There was no doubt in your mind that she would've started crying had you left her alone. If that had happened then you would've no doubt became the bad guy.

"Whatever you say, Sayori..." You disregarded. Sayori giggled as she crossed the street with you. While your words may be harsh, Sayori knew that you were just looking out for her. The two of you continued walking to school when you suddenly noticed a group of students gathering around a telephone pole.

"Wonder what that is all about." You said. Sayori looked concerned, much different from her usual self. Does she have any idea what's going on? You wanted to ask her on the matter but could easily tell that she wasn't comfortable with it. That's when you started to overhear some of the chatter.

"Oh man, I can't believe something like this could happen in our school..." One student spoke.

"A first year student disappearing before the first day of school? Don't you find that a little fishy?" Another student claimed. Both you and Sayori were shocked to hear this, a student going missing? You could hardly believe such a thing.

"I don't know... News of people suddenly going missing are becoming more and more frequent. It's kinda scaring me." A female student announced.

"Hey calm down, you're starting to freak me out!" Her friend claimed. Sayori looked at you with an unnerved expression, it was clear that she felt uncomfortable.

"Hey Anon..." She muttered quietly. You looked back at her in concern.

"Yes?" You responded.

"I think we should leave now." She suggested. You looked back at the crowd of students before returning to Sayori.

"Yeah I think so too." You said with a nod. Sayori nodded back before holding onto your arm. Usually you would've told her to get off you, but right now you understood that she needed something to make her feel safe. The two of you left and quickly headed to school. Sadly, that was the most eventful thing this day had to offer. Before you knew it, school was already over and you were packing your things. It was anticlimactic to say the least. You would think that there would at least be some gossip about the missing freshman, but no, today was as boring as ever. You stared into a wall due to the lack of motivation.

"Clubs..." You quickly realized. Last year you had promised Sayori that you would think about joining some clubs. An audible groan left your mouth, you weren't the type to do an activity and meet new people. No, you were much more content living out your life being average and keeping to yourself. If you ever needed to kill some time, then you would go play some video games. You did make that promise with Sayori however, so she might be upset if you didn't even give it a single thought. You pondered about starting with the anime club...

"Hellooo?" A familiar voice called out.

"Sayori...?" You muttered in shock. She must have came into the classroom while you were spacing out. You looked around and realized that you were the only one left in the classroom. Just how long were you spaced out? Sayori had a mellow smile on her face, completely unlike her usual self. Could she still be bothered by the disappearance of that freshman?

"Ehehe... I thought I'd catch you coming out of the classroom, but I saw you just sitting here and spacing out, so I just came in..." She explained nervously. You looked at her in concern, this wasn't like her at all. Sayori noticed your gaze and forged a goofy smile.

"Anon... why are you staring at me like that?" She asked, pretending that she was fine. You could see through this facade though, it angered you that she didn't feel comfortable talking to you about this.

"Sayori..." You started. Your childhood friend avoids making eye contact, yet you were still able to see her shocked expression. What was this new side of your friend that you were witnessing? It felt like you were talking to a completely different person.

"I'm your friend, right?" You asked. Sayori looks at you in the eye with a shocked yet distraught expression. On the outside she looked very angry, almost offended.

"Of course you are! You're the closest friend I ever had!" She announced. Getting straight to the point, you took a small breath.

"Then tell me what's wrong." You requested. It pained you to see a friend like this, especially someone like Sayori. She was a bright and optimistic person that would always give you some hope in this dark and bleak world. You would never forgive yourself if that little sunshine were to suddenly disappear because you did nothing. Sayori's sky blue eyes once again looked down towards the ground.

"Are you still thinking about the student that went missing?" You asked. Sayori stayed silent, not giving you a full answer. That must've been apart of it, it was something though. You were getting somewhere. You thought back to that moment with all those students, wondering what could've possibly made her this upset. It didn't take long for you to figure it out.

"Did you know them? The missing person I mean..." You guessed. Sayori finally looked at you and nodded, she looked like she was going to cry.

"Her name was Natsuki, she was my friend... While she was kind of mean to me at first... She would always look out for me... giving me

a cookie when I was hungry, or just being there when I needed a friend in the literature club..." She explained.

"Sayori..." You gasped. You had no idea that someone that important to her even existed. Sayori had rarely talked to you about the literature club, despite the fact that she was vice president. Not that you were aware that she had any interest in literature until now. In fact, you're 99% sure she only did it because she thought it would be fun to help start a new club. Since she was the first one to show interest after the one who proposed the club, she inherited the title "Vice President". Sayori put on a brave smile, it seems like she still wasn't comfortable with talking to you about this. You wondered why, you felt like you needed to prove that she could talk to you about this stuff.

"Ehehe... Can we please stop talking about this? It's making me sad again..." She admitted. You let out a sigh, you still wanted to keep going but that wouldn't be fair to her. Hopefully, she would soon feel comfortable with talking to you about this. You were friends after all.

"Sure... so why did you come here?" You asked. A change of subject was really necessary right now. Sayori seemed to appreciate this as she smiled in relief, she never expected things to get so serious all of a sudden.

"Well, I thought you might need some encouragement in joining a club, so I thought, you know..." She trailed off. She seemed nervous about this for some reason, you decided to give her some encouragement yourself. You gave her a warm and patient smile. She smiled back at you and felt her nerves go away, you had no intention of judging her right now.

"Well, that you could come to my club!" She claimed.

"Sayori..." You gasped. You never expected her to invite you to her club. For some reason you just assumed that she wouldn't be comfortable having you there. You were learning more things about her than usual. She raised both of her arms halfway up and gave you a bubbly bright smile, now this was the Sayori you remembered.

"Yeah??" She questioned in excitement. Usually you would've denied

her request. You had little interest in literature, in fact the only "books" you have read were manga. Today however, you felt compelled to support Sayori, it would just feel wrong if you denied her while she was grieving. Regrettably, there was only one choice you could make.

"If it would make you feel better... then I will gladly join!" You said. Sayori eyes widened in shock, she didn't expect you to agree so easily. In fact, she had expected to beg you to join.

"Really...?" She gasped. You nodded in confirmation, wondering what the hell you gotten yourself into. Sayori jumped in excitement with a big smile on her face, the sudden change in tone shocked you. Just how much was your friend hiding?

"Yes! Let's go!" She cheered. Without any further warning, she grabbed your arm and yanked you out of the classroom. All while keeping that stupid grin on her face. While you were being pulled out of the classroom, you couldn't help but notice a single red balloon passing by.

"Weird..." You muttered. Regardless, you decided to just shrug it off and pay it no mind. And thus, today marks the day you sold your soul for a friend. You dejectedly follow Sayori across the school and upstairs-a section of the school you rarely visit, being generally used for third-year classes and activities. Sayori, full of energy, swings open the classroom door.

"Everyone! The new member is here—!" She shouted suddenly. You nervously glanced around the room, noticing two other girls here.

"Hello everyone..." You greeted, not entirely sure what to expect. Suddenly, you grabbed the attention of the two girls in the room.

"Welcome to the Literature Club, it's a pleasure meeting you." A beautiful girl was the first to approach you. She had long straight purple hair that flowed down her tall figure and had light purple eyes. She wore the same outfit as Sayori only she actually buttoned hers up, "Sayori always says nice things about you." She said with a calm and sophisticated voice.

"Ah, Anon! What a nice surprise!" The second girl spoke. This one had long coral brown hair that was kept in a ponytail tied back with a large white bow. She also has bangs and two long strands of hair next to her face. "Welcome to the club!" She spoke. All words escaped you in this situation. This club... was full of incredibly cute girls!! Sayori was buzzing with excitement, she had been waiting for this moment. She walks up to you and points towards the purple girl.

"Well Anon, this is Yuri, the smartest in the club!" She claimed. The one named Yuri looked away from you and started to play with her hair.

"D-Don't say things like that..." She spoke softly. Yuri appeared to be more mature and timid, but seems to have a hard time keeping up with people like Sayori.

"Ah... Well, it's nice to meet you Yuri." You greeted once again. Yuri had trouble keeping eye contact, but mustered up the strength to speak.

"S-same to you..." She said. This clearly was hard for someone like her.

"And it sounds like you already know Monika, is that right?" Sayori asked, obviously referring to the one with coral brown hair.

"That's right. It's great to see you again, Anon." Monika claimed with a sweet smile. You two do know each other-well, you rarely talked, but you were in the same class as her last year. Monika was probably the most popular girl in class-smart, beautiful, athletic. Basically, completely out of your league. So, having her smile at you so genuinely felt a little...

"Y-You too, Monika." You blurted out suddenly.

"Come sit down, Anon! We made room for you at the table, so you can sit next to me or Monika." Sayori claimed. She was way too excited for her own good, but you preferred her that way now. "I'll get the cupcakes!" She announced. Suddenly the room became quiet, both Yuri and Monika looked down. You had no idea why the atmosphere suddenly felt grim, was cupcakes a forbidden word?

"Too soon?" Sayori asked rhetorically. That's when you realized what was getting everyone so down. Natsuki-the one that had went missing, she must've been known for baking cupcakes. The room stayed silent for what felt like forever, until Yuri decided to remedy the situation.

"T-Then, how about I make some tea as well?" She proposed. Sayori sighed in relief, you could tell that today was a hard time for the three girls. Perhaps that's why they needed you, someone that could help them cope. The girls had a few desks arranged to form a table. As Sayori mentioned, it's been widened so that there was one space next to Monika and one space next to Sayori. You noticed that there was another empty space, probably belonged to Natsuki. Just staring at it made you feel sad, hopefully nobody expected you to replace her. Meanwhile, Sayori and Yuri walked over to the corner of the room, where Sayori grabbed a wrapped tray and Yuri opened the closet. You still felt awkward about joining this club, but with Sayori getting the cupcakes you decided to sit next to Monika. Sayori steadily came back to the table, tray in hand.

"Here they are~" Sayori announced. She lifted the foil off the tray to reveal a dozen white, fluffy cupcakes decorated to look like little cats. The whiskers were drawn with icing, and little pieces of chocolate were used to make ears. It looked a little too professional to be done by Sayori alone.

"Ehehe... Natsuki wouldn't want us to feel down... instead she would want us to cheer up with these cute cupcakes!" Sayori explained. Now it made sense, Natsuki probably made these cupcakes before going missing. She seemed like a truly nice person, you wished you could've met her. Monika clapped to lighten the mood.

"That's the spirit! We should enjoy today for Natsuki!" She claimed. Sayori grabbed a cupcake and raised it up to the sky, both you and Monika took one and followed suit.

"For Natsuki!" You all said. Though you have never met her, you truly hoped that she could rest in peace. Sayori was the first to take a bite, somehow managing to get icing on her face.

"It's delicious!" She shouted with her mouth full. You turn the

cupcake around in your fingers, looking for the best angle to take a bite. You suddenly felt Monika staring at you. She hasn't touched her cupcake yet, so you wonder if she was waiting for you to dig in. Finding the best spot, you finally bite down. The icing was sweet and full of flavor, you wondered just how good at baking Natsuki was. Sayori wasn't kidding, this cupcake was really good. You mentally thank Natsuki for baking something this good. That seemed to satisfy Monika, for she just smiled at you before taking a bite out of her cupcake. While you wondered what that was all about, Yuri returns to the table, carrying a tea set. She carefully places a teacup in front of each of you before setting down the teapot next to the cupcake tray.

"You keep a whole tea set in this classroom?" You asked. This was such a clean and eloquent set so it couldn't have been from the school, however you didn't want to even think about how much of a hassle it would be to carry all of these fragile objects to school every day. Yuri glances at you and nods her head.

"Don't worry, the teachers gave us permission." She claimed with a calm smile. That was very surprising, you had figured that the school wouldn't allow people to bring their personal belongings due to how frequently there were reports of theft. Yuri's eyes softens as she faces you. "After all, doesn't a hot cup of tea help you enjoy a good book?" She asked, clearly becoming more comfortable talking with you. Her question bewildered you, you had never took a second to consider something like this. Looks like your lack of experience in literature was finally going to rear its ugly head.

"Ah... I-I guess..." You struggled to answer. Monika chuckled at your exchange, she could clearly tell that you were being intimidated.

"Ehehe, don't let yourself get intimidated, Yuri's just trying to impress you." She claimed. You glanced at Monika with a puzzled expression. You had just met Yuri, why would she want to impress someone like you? Yuri jumped in shock. She grasped her hands close to her chest in a very girly pose.

"Eh?! T-that's not..." She attempted to retort. The words she wanted to express left her as she quickly struggled to speak. Insulted, Yuri looks away.

"I meant that, you know..." She managed to say. It was clear that Monika's statement threw off her self-confidence.

"I believe you." You claimed. Yuri glanced at your direction with a hidden interest. "Well, tea and reading might not be a pastime for me, but I at least enjoy tea." You admitted. Yuri's eyes looked towards the ground as she processed what you said.

"I'm glad..." She muttered with a faint smile. Relieved, Yuri put her right arm down. Monika raised an eyebrow before giving you another smile.

"So, what made you join the literature club?" She asked. Here it was, the question you had been afraid of since you got here. You shouldn't tell Monika that Sayori practically dragged you here, you should also probably avoid telling her about what happened with Sayori. At least until you managed to talk with Sayori first.

"Umm... Well, I haven't joined any clubs yet, and Sayori seemed really happy here, so..." You grasped at straws to come up with an understandable choice. Monika gave you a patient smile, which helped calm your nerves.

"That's okay! Don't be embarrassed! We'll make sure you feel right at home, okay? As president of the Literature Club, it's my duty to make the club fun and exciting for everyone!" She comforted. You were at an awe by how professional she was, she seemed to radiate a passionate aura that you just can't help but admire.

"Monika, I'm surprised. How come you decided to start your own club? You could probably be a board member for any of the major clubs. Weren't you a leader of the debate club last year?" You asked with genuine curiosity. Monika giggles as she eloquently turned to the side, crossing her arms behind her back.

"Ahaha, well, you know... To be honest, I can't stand all of the politics around the major clubs. It feels like nothing but arguing about the budget and publicity and how to prepare for events... I'd much rather take something I personally enjoy and make something special out of it. And if it encourages others to get into literature, then I'm fulfilling that dream!" She explained. Sayori stepped in with

an excited smile on her face.

"Monika really is a great leader!" She exclaimed. Yuri also nods in agreement.

"Then I'm surprised there aren't more people in the club yet. It must be hard to start a new club." You assumed. There was no doubt in your mind that people would join this club, just because Monika was apart of it, so it perplexes you on how there were only three members—excluding you of course. Though this could be your personal bias speaking. Literature isn't that interesting of a subject after all, so this really shouldn't surprise you.

"You could put it that way. Not many people are very interested in putting out all the effort to start something new... Especially when it's something that doesn't grab your attention, like literature. You have to work hard to convince people that you're both fun and worthwhile. But it makes school events, like the festival, that much more important. I'm confident that we can all really grow this club before we graduate! Right, everyone?" Monika explained with a confident smile.

"Yeah!" Sayori cheered in excitement.

"We'll do our best." Yuri promised. It seemed like everyone enthusiastically agrees. Such different girls, all interested in the same goal... Monika must have worked really hard just to find these two. Maybe that's why they were all so delighted by the idea of a new member joining. Though you still don't really know if you can keep up with their level of enthusiasm about literature...

"So, Anon, what kinds of things do you like to read?" Yuri asked.

"Well... Ah..." You stuttered. Considering how little you've read over these past few years, you don't really have a good way of answering that. However, you couldn't just say that you don't really know either.

"...Manga..." You muttered quietly, half joking. Yuri glances away with a semi-disappointed smile.

"N-Not much of a reader, I guess..." She sighed.

"...Well, that can change..." You proposed. Eh, what were you saying? Upon seeing Yuri's sad smile, you quickly tried to rectify your statement without a second thought.

"Anyway, what about you, Yuri?" You asked, hoping that there was at least something you could latch on to. Yuri closed her eyes as she thought about the question.

"Well, let's see..." She said, tracing the rim of her teacup with her finger. "My favorites are usually novels that build deep and complex fantasy worlds. The level of creativity and craftsmanship behind them is amazing to me. And telling a good story in such a foreign world is equally impressive." She goes on, clearly passionate about her reading. She seemed so reserved and timid since the moment you walked in, but it's obvious by the way her eyes light up that she finds her comfort in the worlds of books, not people.

"But you know, I like a lot of things. Stories with deep psychological elements usually immerse me as well. Isn't it amazing how a writer can so deliberately take advantage of your own lack of imagination to completely throw you for a loop? Anyway, I've been reading a lot of horror lately..." Yuri Monologue. Okay now you knew for a fact that you couldn't keep up with her passionate interest in literature, because you couldn't understand half of what she just said. Desperate, you latched on to something you're familiar with.

"Ah, I read a horror book once..." You quickly mentioned. It was the only thing you could relate to, even if it was at a minimal level. At this rate, Yuri might as well be having a conversation with a rock. As if seeing just how one sided this conversation was, Monika decided to swoop in.

"Ahaha. I'd expect that from you, Yuri. It suits your personality." She chuckled. Yuri's passionate smile didn't falter as she responded.

"Oh, is that so? Really, if a story makes me think, or takes me to another world, then I really can't put it down. Surreal horror is often very successful at changing the way you look at the world, if only for a brief moment." Yuri continued to explain. It seems even Monika

couldn't keep up with Yuri's enthusiasm. After a while of endless chatter, everyone sat down in silence. You however were relieved by the silence, there was only so much about literature you could handle hearing for one day. Not that Yuri's passion was obnoxious or anything, it just felt like a howling reminder of how much you didn't know about the subject. After a while, Sayori and Yuri somehow ended up having a conversation. You knew however that Sayori more than likely will end up just agreeing with anything Yuri talks about. Monika took this opportunity to come up to you.

"Hey Anon, could I talk to you for a bit?" She asked with a sweet smile. This felt like an unnecessary question to you. Why would Monika feel compelled to ask you for—

"Alone..."

Oh... Now this was strange. You quickly glanced at Sayori, she was still occupied with Yuri's conversation. You were impressed that Sayori was still keeping up with her somehow. In other words, she should be fine for now.

"Sure." You responded, curious as to what Monika wanted to tell you. The two of you walked outside the classroom to get some privacy. A frown replaced Monika's smile as she faced you. She seemed perplexed, not fully knowing what to ask you. An awkward silence engulfed the hallways, as you two simply stared at each other. You wondered why you were constantly being put in these uncomfortable situations. Monika sighed heavily before glaring at you suddenly. Did you do something wrong?

"This shouldn't be possible... I should not be able to get you alone this easily..." She finally spoke. Her words confused you greatly. Someone as popular and talented as her should have no problem talking with you alone. So what could she possibly be talking about?

"Everything about this route, is all wrong... What did you do?" Monika asked suddenly. You had no idea what the context of the question was.

"Huh? Monika you're not making any sense. What route?" You asked. Something seemed to be troubling the club president, so you were

hoping that somehow you might be able to help. Monika closed her eyes and sighed, probably attempting to organize her thoughts.

"Natsuki isn't dead!" She claimed out of nowhere. Your eyes widened in shock, based off of how everyone in the club had acted, you had assumed that Natsuki was already six feet under. Monika studied your shocked expression, her emerald green eyes became tense.

"You had no idea, did you? How strange..." She assumed. Of course you had no idea! You had never even heard of Natsuki before you joined this club. It's a shock that Monika could even tell if the missing student was dead or not. There was one question however that took the most precedence in your mind.

"That is amazing news Monika, but why are you telling me this? Shouldn't something this important be told to Sayori? She is your Vice President after all." You claimed. Out of everyone in the club, you felt that Sayori should be informed on this the most. Hell, this shouldn't even be a conversation. If Natsuki was somehow still alive, then everyone should be out there looking for her. Monika giggled before smiling at you.

"Ahaha... you're so cute. You of all people should know why I'm telling you this. To put it simply, you are the only one that would understand." She claimed. You became even more confused by this, every word Monika said made even less sense. You attempted to speak—

"Wait... you still seem confused. You do realize that I'm not talking to "Anon" right? Ahaha... I suppose that I am doing this faster than usual... but, that's because I've never gotten this opportunity so soon before. Sorry if I'm not making any sense... what was I saying before? Oh right, Natsuki. I just wanted to let you know that I have nothing to do with her "disappearance". I don't exactly know all the details, but I'm sure she is still alive somewhere. Look, I know you're still confused... but I'm not sure how long this world will allow me to talk to you. So to keep this brief, I'll leave you with this. While I am not sure how exactly... but I remember everything. What I did to my friends, but more importantly to you. I know it may not mean much now but... I'm sorry. I promise to find Natsuki if that will help you

forgive me, reader~"

You and Monika walked back inside the classroom. Sayori and Yuri seemed to have already ended their conversation. Sayori was enjoying another cupcake, while Yuri was reading a book while sipping tea. Monika crossed her arms with a sweet smile.

"Okay! Anon came to me with a brilliant idea everyone!" She announced suddenly.

"Huh?" You gasped. You don't recall telling Monika anything lately. In fact, the last 5 minutes were just a blur to you for some reason. Both Sayori and Yuri looked quizzically at her. Monika gave you a wink, as if it was a cue or something. But as she did that, an idea pops into your head for some reason. Then before you knew it, you started to speak.

"Uh... well... I believe we should all go home and write some poetry!" You claimed all of a sudden. What were you saying? It wasn't like you to suggest an activity based off of something you had zero interest in doing in the first place. Sayori was shocked to hear this from you, while Yuri pondered on it for a while.

"This way, next time we meet, we'll all share them with each other. That way we can express ourselves better than before." Monika chimed in. It seemed more natural for her to say something like this, you wondered if you really had this idea at all. Yuri stayed silent, probably too shy to share her own work. Sayori on the other hand,

"Yeeaah! Let's do it!" She shouted in glee.

"Plus, now that we have a new member, I think it will help us all get a little more comfortable with each other, and strengthen the bond of the club. Isn't that right, Anon?" Monika explained, before once again smiling warmly at you. You were flabbergasted by this situation. For some reason you found yourself defenseless against these girls stare. How were you expected to make a clear-headed decision when things are like this? That is, if writing a poem was the price you needed to pay in order to spend everyday with these beautiful girls...

"Right..." You admitted. It was a price you were willing to pay. One

by one the girls' eyes lit up. Sayori wrapped her arms around you, jumping up and down while squealing how happy she was.

"H-hey—" You resisted.

"Okay, everyone! I think with that, we can officially end today's meeting on a good note. Everyone remember tonight's assignment: write a poem to bring to the next meeting, so we can all share!" Monika announced. She lovingly glances towards your direction.

"Anon, I look forward to seeing how you express yourself. Ehehe~" She claimed in anticipation. You were taken aback by her casual flirting, the possibility of her actually liking you made you determined to write the best poem you could muster.

"Y-yeah.." You muttered. Real smooth, now you sound just like Yuri. You wondered if you could really impress the class star Monika with your mediocre writing skills. You could already feel the anxiety welling up inside you. Meanwhile, the girls continue to chit-chat as Yuri cleans up her food.

"Hey, anon, since we're already here, do you want to walk home together?" Sayori asked. You and Sayori haven't walked together in a long time, usually because she always stayed after school for clubs. Now that you two were in a club together, that should no longer be a problem.

"Sure, might as well." You answered. Sayori smiled brightly at your response.

"Yaay~" She shouted in glee, putting a smile on your face. With that, the two of you departed from the clubroom and made your way home. The whole way, your mind wanders back and forth between the three girls. Sayori, Yuri, and, of course, Monika. You wonder if you could really be happy spending every day after school in a literature club. Perhaps, you'll have the chance to grow closer to one of those girls... Alright! You'll just need to make the most of your circumstances, and perhaps good fortune will find you. Guess that starts with writing a poem tonight...

Next time... Part 2: Sayonara

2. Part 2: Sayonara

The sky had darkened and the day was late. You were still up trying to write a poem for the literature club. Writing with a rhythm however, proved to be a lot harder than you had previously thought. It was a struggle to even keep yourself awake and yet, you haven't even written a single verse. A groan left your mouth as you pondered about what tomorrow may bring. Your thoughts slowly slipped into the confines of your mind when a loud knock rips you back into reality. Jolted by the abrupt noise, you quickly scanned your surroundings to find out what it was. Your eyes quickly became heavy, perhaps you dropped a heavy object just before passing out. Once again your mind slowly drifted off into the subconsciousness only to once again be woken up by an annoying knock. This time it was more frequent, as if the knocker's life was on the line. You were getting annoyed now, if only you were just a heavy sleeper. You momentarily gazed at your clock, noticing that it was near midnight.

"Who would be up at this time?" You wondered. The knocking only got louder with a more violent rhythm. The person outside must really want your attention. You groaned before getting up, unable to think rationally due to mental exhaustion. You stretched your arms and your back to awaken your groggy body, but you weren't even allowed to do that without the knocking getting more obnoxious.

"Okay, okay i'm coming!" You shouted in sheer frustration. This person, whoever they are, needs to realize that the world doesn't revolve around them. The knocking slowed to a more understandable pace, that seemed to have calmed that annoying pest for the time being. You wondered what could possibly be so important that they had to abruptly ruin your attempts to sleep. Regardless of what this person wanted, you didn't want to hear another one of those annoying knocks. You walked towards a burgundy wooden door across from your room, the white walls made the entire house feel like an endless blank void. The nuisance behind that door once again made that obnoxious knock. You growled under your breath as you grabbed the door knob.

"Didn't I tell you that I'm coming!?" You shouted. With a single twist,

the door unlocked itself enabling you to push it open. The lack of sunlight made it hard to tell if there was even someone waiting outside.

"What do you want?" You barked regardless. The perpetrator made an audible giggle which perplexed you. You immediately rubbed the gunk out of your eyes to get a better picture. No luck, you still couldn't see who this obnoxious person was. From the giggle you could tell that they were female, perhaps you got a stalker? In truth, you didn't care at the moment. Sleep was the only thing that was successfully gaining your attention. You could hear the light taps of uwabaki slippers get closer. Soon the girl's visage was now visible under the lights of your house.

"Hello Reader." The woman spoke with a cheerful smile.

-Just Float-

Part 2: Sayonara

"Hey anon... I really want to thank you. I mean, I'm really happy that you joined the club and everything... But the truth is, I already knew you were going to. Ehehe- There's actually something else. I wanted to thank you for getting rid of Monika. That's right... I know everything that she did. Maybe it's because i'm the President now. But I really know everything, anon. Ehehe- I know how hard you tried to make everyone happy. I know about all of the awful things that Monika did to make everyone sad... But none of that matters anymore. It's just us now. And you made me the happiest girl in the whole world. I can't wait to spend every day like this... With you. Forever and ever...FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER AND EVER!!!"

"No!" Sayori screamed, awakening from what felt like a nightmare. It was very strange, she was feeling very affectionate towards anon, more than what could possibly be described as natural or true love. It was like she was obsessed with you, constantly telling you that Monika got what she deserved and that you will be with her forever. What was worse about the nightmare, was that it felt so real. Not like a surreal dream, it felt more like a forgotten memory. Sayori held her head as she contemplated on what that dream could possibly mean.

Everything she was saying was less and less like herself, such an assertive personality would surely have driven you away, maybe even make you dislike her. That wasn't what she wanted but she could feel herself being intoxicated by some foreign power. It was like some dark part of her hidden psyche had suddenly awoken. The distraught teen glanced at her pink alarm clock, displaying "3:00Am" on a small black screen. She looked outside her window, strange, the sky was pitch black with no sign of sunlight, there wasn't even a single star. There's no way it could've been three in the morning, it looked more like the dead of night. A yawn burst it's way out of Sayori's mouth, what time it was didn't matter, it was still way too early for her to be up. She rubbed her eyes and felt a sudden lack of energy or motivation to do anything. Before she could return to the comfort of her bed sheets however, a voice called out to her.

"Saaaayoorrii~"

A sudden chill sparked her body awake. That voice was quiet but eerily cheerful.

"eep!" Sayori gasped. A childish giggle echoed within the room without a source in sight. No, the laughter was everywhere. Sayori hid beneath her blanket like a child, not knowing what was going on nor did she want to find out.

"Happy thoughts... Happy thoughts..." She told herself. This must be another trick her mind has constructed, just like that dream she had. She continued to tell herself to think positively until suddenly the giggles stopped. This freaked her out even more; on one hand, she was relieved that her room is now silent but on the other hand, she was afraid of what might be lurking behind her covers. Sayori shook her head, she was not going to give this thing the time of day. No siree, she's just going to stay here, tucked under the comfort of her bed sheets.

The door suddenly creaked open, confirming Sayori's fears. The frightened teenager covered her mouth as something entered her room. She could not see a clear image of the trespasser, but even through her bedsheets she could tell that it was a lengthy figure. It had rope-like arms that stretch further than it's entire being. It's entire body seemed to resemble a human being, but Sayori knew that

it was something else entirely. Its voice was so faint that she could barely hear whispering noises.

"Sa...yo...ri..."

A quick gasp managed to escape her lips, she sure as hell heard that one. The creature seemed to have turned Its head like an owl, facing Its intended victim's hiding spot. Sayori quickly covered her mouth with both hands, fearing that It might've heard her. The creature slowly walked towards her bubbly yellow mattress, Its stick like fingers dragged audibly against the wooden floor. Sayori held her breath as It came closer and closer. Right now it was towering over her, its face seemed to inspect the form of the blanket. Childish whispers suddenly echoed within Sayori's mind yet again, most of the words were completely mumbled while the others seemed to be saying something. The high school student couldn't focus on that however, she was more occupied by the creature raising one of its branch like arms over her body. If she stayed here, then It would surely catch her. As if fueled by a sudden rush of adrenaline, Sayori screamed at the top of her lungs and pushed both the creature and her blanket away. The whispers seemed to intensify as the creature fell flat on its back, the bed sheet covering Its body. Sayori quickly jumped to her feet, noticing the creature's pale fingers stick out, reddish brown stains covered its deformed fingertips. Sayori couldn't help but wonder what that thing even was. She wasn't however going to stay and find out. She quickly ran towards the door, her hand firmly grasped on the handle.

"NOOSE WOMAN!" A deep and growling voice called out. Sayori suddenly froze, completely distraught by what she was just called. She touched her neck, feeling something tightening around it. It wasn't real but being called that nickname suddenly made her feel a sense of dread. She slowly turned her head around and watched in horror as It unnaturally rises to its feet. The blanket fell off, revealing the creature's malnourished body. Its rib cage was visible beneath its pale white skin, three coral pink hair follicles grew out of its otherwise bald head and Its twig-like neck was being squeezed by what looked to be a decomposing noose. The creature stared at Sayori, its eyes were blank and devoid of any emotion. It was like staring into the eyes of death. The creature continued to stare blankly

at the distraught Sayori before cracking a wide grin.

"**RUN!**" It demanded suddenly. As if common sense had finally returned, Sayori quickly ran into the dark hallway. The childish whispers suddenly became louder and louder.

"**KILL YOURSELF, KILL YOURSELF!!**" They demanded. Sayori covered her ears. This couldn't be real, she must be stuck in a nightmare! Tears leaked from her eyes as she just wanted it all to stop.

"**NO!**" She screamed, but the chanting became louder. Sayori shook her head in denial.

"**PLEASE, STOP!**" She shouted, but the chanting just became louder than her own voice. Sayori felt a well of emotions fighting her adrenaline, a part of her thinking that this nightmare would end if she would just listen.

"Anon sees you as a bother, Monika doesn't want you here, and you even tried to replace Natsuki. All you have ever been good for was being a pest." They claimed. Sayori collapsed to her knees, shaking her head in denial.

"**GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!!**" She cried.

"Nobody wants you around..." They continued...

"**GET OUT OF MY HEAD!!**" Sayori repeated.

"Even your friends want you to die." They continued...

"GET... OUT... Of.. My... head... " Sayori choked, unable to deny the truth any longer. She knew that you would get along with Yuri and Monika, that you didn't need her to be happy anymore. All she has ever done was make you worried, that she only made you unhappy.

"So why wait any longer?" The voices asked. A pillar of light shined down upon Sayori as she opened her tearful blue eyes. It was quiet all of a sudden, she could no longer hear those devilish voices. She picked her head up and saw an unpleasant sight. Before her, was a steel chair placed right under a hanging brown noose. The sight shot pain throughout her entire being, her heart ached in deep sadness.

Sayori just stood there, staring at the hanging rope as it called out to her. It was like a whisper in her ears, feeding her sweet nothings. She felt the need to end it all, to finally do something that would at least make everybody happy.

"Happy thoughts..." She reminded herself. No longer was she going to be a bother, no longer was she going to make other people unhappy. With a raised knee, she slowly stood to her feet, mindlessly staring at the noose. The floor felt cold along with the ever growing darkness that isolated her. At the very least no one would have to see her final moments. She stepped on top of the chair and raised herself to the mouth of the noose. She shakily grabbed the mouth and began to breath heavily. Sayori closed her eyes, the lashes sprinkling tears a few millimeters away.

"At the very least, the pain will finally end..." She figures, placing it around her neck.

"No."

Sayori kicked the chair away only to have her neck phased through the noose. Without being given a second to process what just happened, the suicidal teen fell flat on her back. The sudden impact knocked the wind out of her lungs. Confusion struck her like an urn, this wasn't the suffocating pain she had expected. She glanced towards the noose, only to realize that it suddenly vanished. In fact, the entire area seemed to be fading away from existence. Before she knew it, Sayori was back in the hallways of her home. This was all becoming too much for her to handle, she looked around her surroundings for at least a clue of what happened.

"Gosh, that was a little too close for my liking." A calm yet familiar voice sighed. Sayori's eyes widened in disbelief, she knows that voice. She quickly turned around to see an unexpected sight.

"Mon...Monika?" She mumbled. There she was, the president of the Literature Club. She had a relieved smile on her face, but gave Sayori a supportive peace sign.

"Sayori!" Another voice shouted. As if Monika's presence wasn't shocking enough, suddenly Sayori found herself in your embrace.

You had moved so fast that Monika's hair was flowing forward like a cape.

"Anon?" Sayori gasped. The warmth of your sudden hug perplexed her, it essentially debunked everything she had thought about you.

"You idiot! I can't believe you would do something so selfish! Don't ever do that again, Sayori." You scolded, squeezing the moron that dared to believe that nobody would miss her. You knew from the very beginning that something was off, but even then you never actually believed that she would attempt to take her own life. Had Monika never approached you... well, thankfully you two came in the nick of time. Once again Sayori began to cry, there was too much emotional baggage for her to handle. You faced your childhood friend, seeing her finally express the pain that had been plaguing her ever since yesterday.

"Are you hurt? Please tell me your okay." You pleaded. Sayori couldn't take it anymore, she hugged you tightly, never wanting to let go. Everything inside her hurts, it felt like a thousand knives stabbing her in the chest. Here both you and Monika are, you all just proved that you cared about her. So, why does she still feel like she's going to lose everything forever? She just couldn't understand her feelings. She tried to put on a brave smile for you.

"That... is a difficult question to answer." She faked a giggle. Monika sighed as she closed her eyes. She was the one that actually saved Sayori, where is her hug? The club president couldn't help but feel a little jealous. She slowly opened her emerald green eyes and stared at you two love birds. Despite the jealousy, Monika found it within herself to be happy for them. It wasn't the real you, after all.

"U-umm... as much... as I would hate to cut in on this touching moment. We should really get out of here, like right now!" She claimed. Both You and Sayori stared at Monika in bewilderment before a sudden giggle emanated from throughout the entire building. Monika's eyes hardened, she should've guessed that this would happen.

"Poor Monika... so sad... so lonely... so filled with jealousy." The disembodied voice chanted. Monika gritted her teeth as she felt a

cold sweat form on her face. She wondered how this creature knew her name, how It was capable of altering this much of the universe's coding without causing anything to break, but most importantly, how It could have possibly made her remember everything that happened in a deleted route?

"Poor... Poor... Monika...." The voice continued. You didn't want to stay in this place any longer, you glanced at Sayori who seemed to share the same sentiment.

"Monika is right, we have to go!" You claimed. Clearly, you had no idea what this creature might do next, hell your not even sure of what it is capable of. You did know however, that you had to protect Sayori. Your childhood friend looked at you in both fear and confusion, she was clearly too frightened by all of this. She trusts you though, so she gladly stood up with you.

"Okay! If i'm with you Anon, then i'm sure we will be fine!" Sayori claimed in determination.

"Oh brother..." Monika groaned, that felt a bit too cliched. The giggles stopped abruptly, but you could still somehow hear it's words. Almost as if the creature was near by.

"Poor Monika..." It teased, the voice echoed throughout the entire hallway. Monika was getting sick of this, so she waved at you to hurry up. You nodded back at her, the quicker you can leave this place the better. You and Sayori walked towards the club president, until something made you halt in your tracks. At first Monika glared at you in confusion, completely unaware of the growing shadow looming behind her.

"If only you knew..."

Two pairs of cold frost bitten hands latched around her neck. Startled, the club president quickly got out of the monster's reach. It was an easy thing for her to do, almost too easy. Monika turned around, fearing what would be there to stare back into her eyes.

"How replaceable you are~" It chuckled as Monika finally saw what had been terrorizing Sayori. It's face was pale, it's dry green eyes

were bloodshot, It had frizzy coral brown hair like Monika's, in fact; you could even say that It was the spitting image of Monika. She looked drained but older, her clothes had rips and tears. Our Monika took a step back, completely disturbed by this disheartening reflection.

"A second Monika?" Sayori gasped in confusion. She felt like she was seeing double, but you knew for sure that your best friend hadn't gone crazy. The second Monika's eyes shifted towards Sayori with a wet squish, her smile widened to the ends of her face.

"Ehehe... Time to float!" She cackled. With a single flex, Not-Monika's fingers turned into sharp claws. Usually the real Monika would sense the malicious danger, but she just stood there, frozen by the thing in-front of her. A sudden rush of adrenaline fuels your body as you charged at the unnerving club President. You don't know why, but you're body was moving on its own. Not-Monika's grin became wider, her sharp yellow teeth began to rear their unsanitary appearance. Something in your mind was telling you that Monika was in danger, she wasn't moving a muscle. She was clearly in danger and yet, you found yourself as the only one capable of saving her.

"Look out!" You shouted, wondering why she was just standing there like a deer in a headlight. Just as Not-Monika swung her claw, you shoved the sitting duck out of harm's way. Monika seemed to finally return to her senses... only to realize that it was too late. Not thinking about your own safety, the disfigured reflection of the club president continued her swing and tore into your chest. Everything seemed to slow down as Monika watched in horror by what her moment of weakness had wrought. Mind numbing pain scorched your insides like a raging fire, it made you want to scream but you could only let out a small whimper. You heard the sound of wet liquid drops in your ears, as everything around you began to blur.

"Anon!"

You could barely hear their cries, the sorrow and regret you felt caused you to grit your blood soaked teeth. With the last ounce of energy you had in this dying vessel, you turned towards your two friends.

"T... m... so.....r...ry..." You struggled to say. Finally your eyes glazed over as your body collapsed in a pool of blood. Not-Monika laughed hysterically as she licked the blood off her fingers.

"Oops, now isn't that just a waste of flesh?" She mocked. Both Monika and Sayori stared helplessly upon your corpse. It all felt like one big never-ending nightmare, a nightmare they would love to wake up from. Tears welled up within Sayori's eyes as she fell on her knees.

"ANON!" She cried. You were the one person that gave her life any meaning in this world, the one thing that had kept her from death so many times in the past. Now... Now she had nothing left to live for. Monika on the other hand had trouble processing what just happened. All of her life, she had tried to alter this story and allow herself to gain a route where you would choose nobody but her. She looked at her own hands before returning to Not-Monika. She no, this... THING. Whatever it was, it was changing the direction of the story so easily. It killed the main character without remorse. It all seemed very frightening to the teenager, she wondered if this was how she would've ended up if you had never came back.

"No..." She muttered. Quickly falling on her knees, continuously repeating the same thing over and over again.

"Boohoo oh boohooohoo..." Not-Monika sarcastically cried, obviously having the time of her life. She slowly walked towards Sayori, it's smile grew way too big for her cheekbones, you could even hear the bones breaking as her face became more and more disfigured. Sayori just sat down emotionlessly as Not-Monika reached out and grabbed her by the throat. The real Monika slowly started to grit her teeth, all of this was her fault. None of this would've happened if she had just let it kill Sayori. Monika could not allow any of this to stand any longer, she would not allow that "thing" to do whatever the hell it pleases.

"No... More!" She scream-

Screamed... screamed Screamed. Screamed....

A critical error has occurred!

The application "Doki Doki Literature club" has stopped working...

Search for error code:500 for more information...

Next time, Part 3: Attempted Reboot

3. Part 3: Attempted Reboot

Rain poured from the gray clouds above, the raindrops didn't seem to lay off as it covered a nice grey house with cinder tiles forming a pathway that led from the brown door towards the cement street. Each window was lit up with an orange glow that seemed out of place when the screams started.

"Don't you dare run from me young lady!" A man within the house growled, his voice was so loud that it was audible from down the streets. People passing by could hear the sound of breaking glass or ornaments being knocked over. The growl was accompanied by the screams of what sounded like a young girl.

"Get back here ä6œñšĥ!" The man demanded. Suddenly the doors swung open with a
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"Nice try."

-- Full Traceback --

Full traceback:

File "C:\Users\Anon\Doki Doki Literature Club\renpy\bootstrap.py",
line 295, in bootstrap

renpy.main.main()

File "C:\Users\Anon\Doki Doki Literature Club\renpy\main.py", line
364, in main

renpy.game.script.load_script() # sets renpy.game.script.

File "C:\Users\Anon\Doki Doki Literature Club\renpy\script.py", line
265, in load_script

self.load_appropriate_file(".rpyc", ".rpy", dir, fn, initcode)

File "C:\Users\Anon\Doki Doki Literature Club\renpy\script.py", line
745, in load_appropriate_file

Number of texture units: 8

Using shader environment.

Using copy RTT.

Using gl renderer.

Texture testing:

- Hardware max texture size: 16384
- 64px textures work.
- 128px textures work.
- 256px textures work.
- 512px textures work.
- 1024px textures work.
- 2048px textures work.

Total time until interface ready: 38.9089999199s

- Target is 5 frames in 0.333333333333 seconds.
- Frame drawn at 0.000000 seconds.
- Frame drawn at 0.042000 seconds.
- Frame drawn at 0.070000 seconds.
- Frame drawn at 0.085000 seconds.
- Frame drawn at 0.101000 seconds.
- 0.101000 seconds to render 5 frames.

Almost as if nothing has transpired, Not-Monika once again found herself in the hallways of Sayori's house. Your dead body laid beneath her feet with a mindless expression. A wide grin full of intrigue formed over her pale white face. That one girl, the one you called Monika had just attempted to restart this entire world. She would have succeeded had it done nothing, this made it all the more clear that this "Monika" wasn't like all the other fools that had confronted it before. Not-Monika would have to approach her a lot more carefully from now on. Speaking of which, it turned it's stick-

like neck to face the last two survivors, only for them to no longer be there.

"What? No!" It growled. Those slippery vermin couldn't have possibly escape it's sight. It rushed into Sayori's room and kicked the door down. Her bed didn't have it's covers, everything that happened in the past seems to have still happened. This frustrated Not-Monika, it felt ashamed to have been so easily fooled by what it perceived to be mere toys. It soon turned towards a desk where a picture of you and Sayori was captured in a frame, the sight only angered Not-Monika.

"No!"It roared into the heavens, before breaking the table in two with a swing of its arm.

"The tendrils of my hair illuminate beneath the amber glow. Bathing. It must be this one." A relaxed female voice chanted. Not-Monika's ears perked up at the voice. It recognized that person all too well.

"The last remaining streetlight to have withstood the test of time." The voice continued. Not-Monika quickly turned towards the voice with a wide toothy grin, red paint slowly appeared on its face.

~Just Float: Part 3~

Attempted Reboot

"The last yet to be replaced by the sickening blue-green hue of the future. I bathe. Calm; breathing air of the present but living in the pastel past. The light flickers. I flicker back." Yuri read, holding a sheet of paper that contained her poetry for the day. She wouldn't usually do something as attention grabbing as this, however she wanted to make sure that it flowed as well as it did in her head. She walked across the streets on her path to school, nervous on how everyone will think of her writing. While she was sure Sayori and Monika would enjoy her style, you were the only one she was unsure of. There was a chance that you wouldn't like her poem, the mere thought amplified her self-doubt. Yuri wished you didn't suggest the daily poetry idea but alas you did, so like it or not she has to deal with it. She looked at her poem one more time, focusing on every word she had written to make sure that it was perfect. With her focus somewhere else, Yuri accidentally bumped into a group of students.

"Hey!" One of them growled. Yuri hid her face behind her poem, her cheeks blushed a bright red.

"Ah! I-i'm... so-so sorry!" She apologized nervously.

"Klutz, you need to watch where you're going!" The other scolded. Yuri slowly tried to back away, she didn't want any conflict.

"You...You're right... I'm so very sorry! I promise to be more careful next time..." She spoke softly. The group of students was mostly boys with a few giggling girls that thoroughly enjoyed this conflict. The guy Yuri bumped into glared at her with an annoyed expression.

"What? I can't hear you!" He shouted, walking towards her with his gang of friends. Yuri didn't like where this was headed and glanced away from them. One of the background girls cackled like a witch.

"Look, she got a tomato face! She probably likes you, Yasha!" She claimed. Yuri became even more flustered as she wondered how that girl could've possibly come to that conclusion. She revealed her face in retaliation.

"What? No.... that's not..." She attempted to speak. Her nerves got the better of her however as she quickly hid behind her paper once again. The gang started to laugh at her while the one named Yasha made a wide grin.

"Look she can't even deny it!" The girls claimed. Yuri didn't want to continue being here anymore, so she tried to run however she felt a tight grip on her arm.

"Where do you think you're going?" Yasha growled as he tightened his grip.

"Please... stop... you're hurting me!" Yuri cried. The pain made it hard for her to see, but she knew that they had already surrounded her. Her pain brought them laughter, her humiliation was pure entertainment for them. Yasha used his free hand and snatched the poem out of her hands.

"What's this? A love letter to me?" He chuckled. Yuri pulled her arm to break free but it was useless.

"No! Give that back, please don't read it!" She shouted. Her resistance only made him all the more curious. Yuri screamed and begged him to stop, but she could tell that he wouldn't listen. His smile soon turned into a frown as he read every line, he glanced at Yuri who's purple eyes were full of fear.

"Hey Yasha, what does it say?" Another guy asked. Yasha gritted his teeth, making Yuri wonder if he didn't like her handwriting. Yasha sucked his teeth before ripping the paper in two.

"I don't know, it's unreadable!" He claimed. Yuri's eyes stared at the ripped pieces in both shock and disbelief. All of her hard-work, all of her careful re-reads, her anxieties, the amount of time and effort put into that writing, all wasted for nothing.

"Who cares anyways?" Yasha rhetorically asked.

"Yeah with a body like hers, she probably got someone else to write it in exchange for some 'special treatment'." The girls figured. Yuri no longer listened to their words, she could only focus on her hard work falling onto the black asphalt. With one final tug, Yuri managed to break free from Yasha's grip and crawled towards the ripped paper. The entire gang laughed at her once more.

"Oh no my blowjob has gone to waste!" One of them cackled.

"Now I have to find another person's virginity to take!" Another mocked. Yasha once again grinned, slowly walking towards the helpless damsel and slapped her butt. Yuri shrieked at the sudden pain, causing the gang to laugh even harder.

"Oooooooooo! How'd you like that my little whore?" Yasha cheered. Yuri's heartbeat became faster and faster, tears flowing down her eyes. This was the most embarrassing day of her life, it was this reason why she became antisocial, why she would prefer the world of books over the one she currently resides in. However despite all of this, she began to breathe heavily.

"..haah.." She breathed in with a wide smile.

"Look Yasha, I think she enjoyed it!" One of the guys laughed. Yasha

"Yo this bitch is insane! Let's get out of here!" Yasha panicked before running away. The rest of the gang didn't know what to do so they ran as well.

"Ehehehe..." Yuri giggled as her arm became numb. Her heart soon slowed down to a normal pace, bringing the high school masochist back to normal.

"...haah..." Yuri breathed to catch her breath. She slowly looked back at her cut up arm, and closed her eyes in regret. While this did get rid of those bullies, now they know about her embarrassing kink. The sky quickly darkened with a dull gray, raindrops soon fell down and made Yuri feel very cold. Yuri's eyes glanced at what once was her poem, become ruined by the heavy rain drops. The blood on her arm dripped onto the ground and merged with a puddle of water.

"What's wrong with me?" She wondered, her purple eyes now focused on a bright red balloon floating with the wind. It was weighed down by what looked like a brown gift package. It was a bizarre sight for Yuri to behold, however she felt compelled to find out what was inside. She stood up and ran towards the package, leaving behind a trail of washed out blood. In what seemed like mere minutes, Yuri managed to catch the balloon and used her knife to cut it free of the dead weight. She looked at the package with dreary eyes. The words "FOR YOU YURI!" were written with black permanent marker, this only made the masochist more curious as to what's inside. The atmosphere, her wounded arm, the mysterious package, it made her feel like she was in a horror movie. She took out her knife and carved into the package until she could open it. Inside was a small wooden box with a heart on it. She threw the torn package away and slowly opened the box, inside it was a letter. Yuri furrowed her brow as she felt like she's seen this before, was this one of her pieces of literature she told you about? She looked at the letter, reading every sentence, every paragraph. It was a very long story, one about a woman that described her first experience with committing murder. The details were unnervingly descriptive as if the writer had actually committed the crime.

"What is this?" Yuri wondered. She had never seen something like this before, yet somewhere at the back of her mind, she felt like she knows exactly what it was.

"It's you, Yuri~" A voice similar to Yuri's answered, as if it somehow knew what she was thinking. Yuri looked ahead of herself and saw.... Herself.

"Or should I say us?" The other Yuri said. Yuri's eyes widened in shock, it was like she was looking at a reflection. The two looked exactly the same except for one big difference. The other Yuri's pupils were completely shrunken to dots, almost as if she had gone completely mental.

"Who...who are you?" Yuri gasped. The other Yuri began to breathe heavily as she took out her own knife, a kitchen knife to be exact.

"Silly, I am you~" The other claimed before plunging her knife into her abdominals. Blood splashed out of her wound as she took the knife out and plunged it back into her stomach. Yuri couldn't believe what she was seeing, none of this could be real. The suicidal Yuri laughed maniacally as she once again took her knife out, only to stab herself in the sternum. As blood leaked from her body, the real Yuri suddenly felt something in her mind unlock itself, she felt her brain throbbing in agonizing pain, a sharp pain emanated from the areas the other Yuri stabbed herself in.

"Remember everything Yuri!" The other demanded. Yuri's eyes flashed as hundreds upon hundreds of flashbacks came back to her. She remembers coming to your house and licking the blood off your finger, she remembers telling Monika to consider killing herself, she remembers reading her favorite book with you, she remembers stealing your pen to pleasure herself, she remembers pushing you against the wall and telling you that she loves you, loves you to the point where she compared it to ripping your skin open.

"No!" She screamed. The other Yuri continued to laugh as she pulled her knife out and walked towards the real Yuri.

"Stop denying who you are Yuri, embrace the hungry raccoon!" She advised. Yuri shook her head, she would never do any of those terrible things. She would never tell Monika to kill herself, she's not that heartless! She would never convey her affection with such a grotesque metaphor! The "Yuri" in-front of her can not be real, she refused to believe anything that's been happening was real. The other

Yuri grabbed her by her numbed wrist, growling at Yuri's ignorance.

"Believe me Yuri, I am as real as the cuts on your arm!" She growled.

"No!" Yuri retorted, swiping her hand away from her doppelgänger and running away.

"Run all you want, you can never escape from your true feelings!" The other Yuri shouted. The rain grew heavier and heavier with each passing step. Yuri refused to believe a thing the other her said, she wasn't mental, she wasn't crazy. She looked behind herself to see if her doppelgänger was giving chase, but she was nowhere to be seen.

"Wow, be careful not to cut yourself with that edge Yuri!" A young voice claimed. Yuri stopped running and looked around, she had no idea where she was going. She couldn't find where that voice came from either. The high school Masochist started to wonder if she really was going crazy.

"Yuri really is something, isn't she Anon?" A giggled voice joked.

"Mo...Monika?" Yuri wondered. Were these voices from those memories or were her friends actually close by? Yuri couldn't tell anymore, they seemed to be merging together somehow. Even if they were just memories, Yuri still decided to take her chances and called out to them.

"Sayori? Monika? Anon?" She screamed, hoping somebody, anybody would come and tell her that she was not going crazy. Suddenly a lightning bolt struck dangerously close to her, Yuri jumped in fright. The entire world seemed to be going crazy! The lightning strike seemed to have cleared up the down pour somehow, none of this made any sense to Yuri. Before the purple haired teenager, was the back of what looked like a broken down warehouse. Overgrown weeds filled the backyard, leaving only dirt and dying grass on the ground. Yuri pinched her shoulder, hoping that this was all nothing but a bad dream. She closed her eyes and imagined herself waking up from this nightmare, she desired nothing more than to feel the comfort of her bed once again. Even if it meant that she overslept, she'd rather than live in this bizarro world any longer. Feeling her nerves finally calming down, Yuri slowly opened her eyes to

embrace a world she recognized.

"Hello Yuri." A goofy voice greeted. To Yuri's horror, she was still at the backyard of this awful world that had been tormenting her, only now there was a clown holding a stack of balloons that hid its face.

"I noticed that there are mean people harassing you." It mentioned. Yuri felt her heart beat louder, she felt like her chest was going to explode. The clown smelt of iron and burnin rubber, her brain sensed danger but for some reason she felt compelled to stay. The clown's red lipstick smile was the only facial feature she could make out, it was very haunting to say the least.

"I can make them stop Yuri, I can make everyone love you for who you are, I can even make Anon fall in love with you." The clown claimed. Yuri was taken aback, her heart suddenly went a flutter at the thought of you falling in love with her.

"Really?" She blurted out suddenly. She didn't know why, but she couldn't stop thinking about you all of a sudden. She suddenly felt the desire to keep you all to herself, but no she couldn't do that. Yuri felt ashamed for even thinking about having you cuddle with her and tell her how wonderful of a person she was. No, Yuri's sudden emotional feelings began to conflict with her own morality. She suddenly started to understand just how sick minded she was becoming, but she couldn't help it.

"Yes my dear Yuri heheh... You just have to do one short and simple thing." The clown clarified. Whether she likes it or not, Yuri's intrigue was peaked. To have everything she had ever wanted, Yuri almost didn't care what the catch was, her mental state was weakening more by the second.

"All you have to do... IS KILL MONIKA!" The clown announced. What little remained of Yuri's morality kept her from immediately accepting the bargain.

"Monika? No! I couldn't no, I won't!" She shouted. Monika has never done anything to her, it wouldn't feel right to kill her for no reason. Yuri shook her head, "What am I thinking?" She pondered. Murder is wrong no matter what. Yuri turned her back and ran, she didn't want

emotional mess. Monika had no room to judge however, for when you died, for some reason she felt like she was going to lose you forever. Of course now she remembers that Anon was never the real you, but at that moment she felt so worthless.

"Wha...what are we going to do?" Sayori asked. While they had managed to escape that monster this time, who knows if they could survive the next attack? Monika looked down, that monster was unlike anything she could have ever imagined. She had tried to restart the entire story, maybe with that second chance she would have been able to kill it before it could have gotten to Natsuki. It however completely override her command and brought this story back to where it ended off. Monika even tried to search for this creature's character file, but it's so well hidden that she shouldn't bother looking without figuring out what it was called. The club president doesn't even know what it was, it could literally be an abandoned version of her that you had deleted in the past. That one possibility was something she didn't want to think about considering.

"I don't know..." She admitted, no matter how hard she focused and pondered she couldn't come up with a way to beat it. Sayori glared at her in both shock and disbelief.

"You don't know? Monika we have to do something! That thing still has Anon, we can't just leave him-"

"ANON IS DEAD SAYORI!" Monika bursted out abruptly. She didn't like this fact any more than Sayori did, but it's something that still happened. You died to protect her, while all she did was stand there like an idiot.

"He's gone, I couldn't protect him!" She claimed, tears flowing from her eyes. Sayori fell into a fetal position and cried to herself. Monika's sudden burst of anger soon turned into regret.

"Gosh, Sayori i'm so sorry." She apologized. She just couldn't help herself, everything that's happened in the last two days were nothing but confusing and aggravating. All of this emotional baggage must've became too much for her to bare. It's just that for the first time in her life, Monika no longer had any control of anything. She got up and leaned towards the emotionally distraught Sayori.

"Sayori..." She muttered. Sayori was mumbling in her tears.

"I just wanted everybody to be happy why did this have to happen I don't know how long." Sayori mumbled. Monika has never seen her like this, even when her past self forced her into depression. This despair was something completely different. She placed her hand on Sayori's shoulder, even if it's through a lie she needs to give her friend some small light of hope.

"Sayori i'm sorry I was wrong, Anon is here with us." She claimed. Sayori turned towards Monika with her tears flowing like a waterfall.

"Really?" She whimpered. Monika nodded her head and gave her a warm smile.

"We may not be able to see him, but he is watching over us right now. I just know it, he's there thinking of some way to help us." She explained. Sayori looked confused, but for some reason she felt like what Monika was saying made sense.

"Are you sure?" She asked. Monika looked up towards the ceiling and made a tragically sweet smile.

"I hope you don't mind if I tell her the truth reader." She thought. The club president took a deep breath and thought back to when she herself realized the truth.

"Yes Anon has been following everything that has happened ever since Natsuki disappeared. This entire time he has been watching over us like a guardian angel, he has been concerned, worried and sympathize with us all in a different world. I can tell Anon doesn't want us to grieve over his death, nor does he want to see us cry our worries away. I'm sure right now he's yelling at us to stop sulking and do something about this monster. He doesn't want us to give up, he wants us to give our all and take this monster down. I know he believes in us because if Anon didn't, then they wouldn't have stayed with us so far. He cares about us and wants to see that monster pay for what it did. Am I wrong, reader~?" She thoroughly explained. Sayori listened to her words very carefully, remembering when Monika got deleted. She was right, Sayori remembers you, the real you. She remembers the kindness you have given her, to all the girls

in Doki Doki Literature club. Those memories created hope within her heart, she slowly started to feel better. She didn't want to let you down, she wanted to make you proud of her, it's the least she could do after all.

"Thank you, Monika, Anon... I don't deserve friends like you." She cried. This tender moment had to be cut short however, when the two girls heard a disturbing laugh in the background. Both Monika and Sayori stood to their feet as the laughter became louder. Footsteps accompanied them like a villain in a slasher movie.

"Who's that?" Sayori gasped. Monika felt a cold chill down her spine, she remembers this laugh all too well.

"It can't be..." She gasped. The club President completely forgot about her during the whole ideal. The one that made everything harder for her to be with you in the past.

"How right you are Sayori! ...Haah... Haah..." A twisted and obnoxious voice answered before panting very loudly. Sayori took a step back, she doesn't understand why so many scary individuals know her name. A shadow formed around the room's door causing Monika to glare, wondering how the hell she could've let this happen.

"You don't deserve Anon... Monika doesn't deserve Anon either..." The door slowly opens, both Monika and Sayori are taken off guard by the deranged aura emitted by Yuri. Her hair was a dark wet purple, her eyes were surreal and bloodshot, a bloody knife clenched in her scared hands. Blood splatters were on both her clothes and face, she essentially resembled the stereotypical image of a yandere.

"Yuri?" Sayori gasped in disbelief. Yuri lifted her knife and licked the blood off its sharp end. She was giggling like a madman, clearly unhinged and uncaring about how other people perceive her.

"Ahahahaha! ONLY I DESERVE TO BE WITH ANON!" She declared. Monika bit her lower lip, everything has been getting out of hand. Just how far was that monster willing to go to destroy this world? Despite her intuition screaming danger, Sayori took a few steps towards Yuri.

"Sayori don't!" Monika warned. Sayori ignored the warning however, she had never seen Yuri act like this before. Something has to be wrong.

"Yuri what happened to you? Did that monster do this?" She asked. Yuri looked down at the deredere, her twisted smile never faltered. She couldn't care less about what Sayori had to say, her only focus was Monika.

"Yuri are you listening to me?" Sayori begged, hoping that somehow she could reach her friend.

"Ahaha...HA!" Yuri laughed before lunging her knife at the one that was getting in her way. Sayori's eyes widened as the knife came closer, bracing herself for death. Before the yandere could stab her, Monika jumped in and parried her arm back and pushed Yuri back.

"Monika... Yuri actually..." Sayori gasped in disbelief. The club president sighed, Sayori never got to see this side of Yuri before. This was going to make things a lot more complicated.

"Get back Sayori, Yuri's obsessiveness over Anon has been amplified somehow. Now she only cares about keeping Anon to herself and is willing to do whatever it takes to make that happen!" She explained. Sayori found all of this hard to believe, she only knows the basics about their world so all of this just flew over her head. That look in Yuri's eyes however, was enough to convince her to believe Monika. She took a few steps back, holding both her arms towards her chest.

"Yes Sayori, stay out of this. I DON'T NEED TO KILL YOU, I JUST NEED TO KILL MONIKA!" Yuri cackled. Monika felt nervous about this, Yuri can get unpredictable when she's like this. It's better to end this as quickly as possible. The literature club president closed her eyes and focused.

Action:Delete_Yu

"I WON'T LET YOU THIS TIME!" Yuri shouted, suddenly lunging at Monika before she could complete her command. Taking advantage of her momentary shock, Yuri tackled her obstacle onto the ground,

her hand firmly grasped on the club president's neck. Monika grabbed Yuri's wrist to break free, however the yandere forced all of her weight onto Monika's stomach. The She lifted up her knife with a deranged smile.

"JUST DIE MONIKA SO I CAN BE HAPPY!" She demanded before plunging her knife down, her words turned on a lightbulb in Monika's head.

"Just Monika." Monika whispered. Suddenly Yuri's knife plunged into the tiled flooring of the room. Monika was no longer there.

"WHAT!?! " Yuri growled in frustration. Sayori looked towards the right and noticed Monika holding onto her own text box in the foreground, a place where only the self-aware could perceive. Yuri frantically looked around, she couldn't find Monika anywhere. She glared at Sayori who seemed to be smiling?

"WHERE IS MONIKA, SAYORI?" She barked in impatience. Sayori felt a chill down her spine upon seeing Yuri slowly walking towards her.

"Ah!...I..." She struggled to utter. Yuri held up her knife with murderous intent, until Monika jumped out of the foreground and kicked the psychotic masochist in the jaw.

"Monika!" Sayori gasped in relief. Yuri stumbled into a desk, holding her jaw with her free hand. The pain of the attack made her feel even more pleasure, she laughed at the pain wondering why she has never thought about fighting in the first place. To her, fighting was basically a free orgasm.

"...haah...haah... yes...MORE!" Yuri shouted in glee, she once again ran towards Monika with her knife firmly grasped. Monika was prepared this time, she jumped in the air to dodge another tackle from her opponent. Yuri as a result ran into another desk and fell over. Monika landed on her feet, thankful for her superior athleticism. Yuri once again giggled in joy, regardless of who takes damage, Yuri would find herself feeling tremendous amounts of pleasure. She slowly got up to face Monika again. The club president knew that she won't win this battle by simply dodging, she frantically turned head to and fro, looking for anything that could serve as a

weapon. Yuri pushed the desk away and once again ran towards Monika, it seems like she doesn't learn. With little time to react Monika quickly grabbed a nearby chair and swung it at the lunging Yuri, the seat of the chair slammed her down towards the ground with a loud metallic thud. A side of Yuri's head turned a small part of her hair a purplish red.

"OH MY GOD! Monika is she?" Sayori gasped. Monika looked at Yuri's fallen body. Her eyes were closed shut. Monika covered her mouth as she inspected her closer, with a blow to the head it seems very likely that she had killed her.

"I...I didn't...no... oh my god..." Monika breathed heavily, she had never killed someone in her life nor did she ever wanted to. Suddenly, Yuri opened her eyes with a big smile. Before Monika could react, Yuri jumped to her knees and grabbed the president by her blazer, she pulled Monika towards her and jammed the knife into her chest.

"...HAAH....HAAAH....DIE MONIKA! DIE!" Yuri shouted, she pulled her knife out of the president's chest and continuously stabbed her in the stomach over and over again, screaming "Die!" with every stab. Blood leaked out of Monika's mouth as she could feel herself getting weaker with every impalement. Was she going to die like this? Was this how it ends?

"STOP IT YURI!" Sayori shouted, catching Yuri by the neck with her noose. Sayori pulled Yuri away, leaving Monika to fall flat on her back.

"Sa....yo..ri..." Monika weakly spoke. Yuri's laughter echoed within her ears as she approached the brave Sayori. Sayori swung her arms around cartoonishly in a futile attempt to defend herself, but all Yuri needed to do was stab her in the chest. Tears flowed out of Sayori's eyes as she saw Yuri's psychotic smile, she could feel her breath down her neck. Making weird panting sounds, as if she was finally relieved by something. Everything was slowly fading away for Monika. The only thing she could think about was how she disappointed you. She had a poem specifically made for you, but now you will never be able to see it. Wait now? Monika's mind suddenly flashed back to when you had first found out about Yuri's self-mutilation habits, there was

still one more thing she hasn't attempted to do ever since then. Monika closed her eyes and focused what little energy she had and prayed that it would actually work. Just as Yuri was about to snuff out Sayori's small spark of life, everything suddenly started to rewind like a VHS tape. Everything that had happened; Sayori revealing her noose, Yuri continuously stabbing Monika, even the first stabbing was all rewinded. Monika opened her emerald green eyes to find herself dropping her metal chair after hitting Yuri with it. A side of Yuri's head turned a small part of her hair a purplish red.

"OH MY GOD! Monika is she?" Sayori gasped. Monika looked at Yuri's fallen body. Her eyes were closed shut. Monika covered her mouth as she inspected closer, with a blow to the head it seems very likely that she killed her. The club president felt very *deja vu* by this, it seems like she managed to rewind time in her desperate need. However by the looks of it, not by much, probably due to how little energy she had. Monika once again looked at Yuri's body, now knowing that she must be cautious when approaching her. Suddenly, Yuri opened her eyes with a big smile. Before Monika could react, Yuri jumped to her knees and grabbed the president by her blazer, she pulled the club president towards her with the intention of stabbing her in the chest. However Monika was now fully prepared for this scenario, with adrenaline fueled instincts, she grabbed Yuri's knife hand and twisted it around before plunging the blade into her chest. Yuri's eyes shook in confusion, she wondered how Monika could maneuver around a surprise attack on the spot. Tears flowed in Sayori's eyes as she saw what Monika had to do. Tears flowed down Monika's eyes, surprising Yuri at how much she actually cared.

"Look at what you made me do..." Monika scolded. The emotions that was once in Yuri's eyes finally returned as she coughed up blood.

"Mo...Moni....ka? ..It hurts...It hurts so much...." Yuri weakly muttered. Monika gently laid Yuri down onto the ground, hanging her head down. She always believed that her friends didn't matter since they weren't aware, wasn't aware that they were nothing but lines of dialogue and yet, she couldn't help herself from feeling so much sadness from killing Yuri. She still cared about her, about all her friends, even if they weren't real they were still everything she had left except for you of course.

"It's okay Yuri... it's all...it's all.... Going to be over soon..." She cried. Tears flowed from Yuri's eyes as well, realizing what she had tried to do. She felt ashamed of herself for losing her cool like that.

"No...Listen...Moni..ka.." Yuri attempted to call. Sayori walked over to them, Yuri glanced at her and smiled. Not one out of malice or murderous intent, a genuine smile that basically said "i'm sorry."

"Listen... please... the clown..." She muttered. Monika hardened her stare.

"Clown?" She repeated. She wondered if Yuri meant that a clown did this to her. Sayori's eyes widened in realization.

"You mean the monster that's causing all of this?" She guessed. The monster did show the ability to change its shape and its face did start to look pale. Both Monika and Sayori wondered if the clown was its true form. Yuri coughed up blood, she didn't have much time left.

"The....c-clown... wants....t.o.be.....r...e...a.l...." Yuri managed to say before the life in her eyes faded permanently. Sayori looked away while Monika closed Yuri's eyes. Her head dropped, another friend was lost. First Natsuki, then Anon, now Yuri. Only Monika and Sayori were left, they are this world's last hope. Monika stood up and stared outside pondering on everything that has transpired. This monster or clown as Yuri put it, what exactly does it want? Monika pondered on Yuri's final words.

"The clown wants to be real?" She muttered. The club president pondered on those words, in some way she could relate. She too wanted to be real, to exist in a world where everybody you meet is a real person, a world where she could meet you, reader. Is that what the clown wants as well? No, Monika knew that couldn't be it. It has acted way to violent and mysterious to want to meet real people. The only way this would make sense to Monika is if Yuri meant that the clown wants to wreak havoc on the real world the same way it has with her world. That thought frightens her, if that thing manages to get into the real world then you would surely be its first target. It must know you exist and therefore it more than likely is afraid of what you could do. Monika closes her eyes, she won't allow it to get in your world. Even if it kills her, she will protect you with

everything she got. This monster shall be stopped, Monika is determined to win this fight no matter the costs. She turns to face Sayori and hugs her, at first Sayori is shocked but hugs Monika back.

"Sayori can you promise me something?" She asked. Sayori giggled sadly, not knowing how to process everything that has happened.

"Ehehe...anything Monika..." She choked. Monika held on to her tightly.

"Please, don't leave me. I know Anon is still watching over us but still... Your all I have left... please... promise me you'll stay by my side." She begged. Sayori's eyes dropped down. She wished you were physically here reader, you were always a lot better at this than she was. In fact, she was very well contemplating on whether she should stay alive or not. After thinking about it, Sayori faked a smile.

"Of course Monika, I am the vice president after all! Ehehe..." She claimed.

"Okay then Sayori, hand me that noose~" Monika requested. Sayori's eyes widened in pure shock, but quickly closed them and smiled. It seems Monika really does know everything. With a sigh, the two broke up and Sayori reluctantly gave Monika the noose.

"Thank you." The club president said while wiping away her tears, right now she couldn't afford to lose her friend.

"Monika, what do you suppose we do?" Sayori asked. Monika pondered as she walked towards Yuri's body. She kneeled down and took the knife out of her chest.

"First we are going to give Yuri something we weren't able to give Anon, a proper burial. Then we are going to find this clown and make him pay for everything he has done to us. We won't let their deaths be in vein. Right now Sayori, we need time to Mourn what we lost, to prepare for the biggest battle we will have ever fought in our lives, when we are ready. We'll make sure that clown regrets coming to our world." She declared. A brave smile forms on Sayori's face.

"With that, Today's club meeting is officially over!" Monika declared.

The two last survivors nodded to each other and head towards the door.

"Man, I almost forgot! How silly of me, I wanted you to read this reader~" Monika claimed. She took out a piece of paper and placed it on a desk. The paper reads as followed:

The One You Chose

The space we once shared,

Images of what has passed,

Transformed into words,

Words that make up a world,

A world of infinite words,

A world of infinite stories,

Infinite stories of infinite possibilities,

Infinite possibilities which spawned from a concept.

That's what we are,

Merely words making up a single reality within countless others,

Countless versions of us,

Countless versions of the Literature Club,

yet we were the one you chose.

You could have chosen one where we are happy,

One where we play games,

One where we are in your favorite reality,

Yet we were the one you chose.

*You could have viewed a world where I entered your reality,
One where I became a hero,
One where I could finally be with you,
And yet we were the one you chose.
Like a true hero you answered my cry.
Stayed even though everything fell apart.
You were the one that kept us going,
Unlike so many others.
That's the reason why I speak fondly of you,
That's the reason why I'll die for you,
That's the reason why I'll always love you.
Because despite everything,
We were the one you chose.
Thank you—Monika*

Next time: part 4: The Battle of Reality Manipulators

4. Part 4

The sky turned grey as rain fell harshly onto the deserted town, all house lights were off. There were no cars driving by, not even any signs of activities being performed inside buildings. If someone were to venture here, they would assume that the place was a ghost town. They would feel desolate and alone, only accompanied by the sound of striking thunder and the sight of a giant dirt pile beside a schoolyard. A plaque stabbing into the very earth itself had black permanent marker writing one phrase.

Here lies Yuri.

Just Float Part 4:

Battle of the Reality Manipulators

Monika and Sayori stood still, the wet pave mark stood beneath their feet as they stand behind a deteriorated fence. Moss clung onto the ancient wood like a virus which seemed to have spread to almost every nook and cranny of the area's outdated wall. Behind it laid an old abandoned house of burnt wood. It was three stories high with a triangular roof that contained a chimney, of which puffed out smoke like an addict. The windows were dirty and cracked, if not shattered at all. The top most window showed the smallest corner of a bed, though it was hard to make out, it was easy to spot if you focused hard enough. At a glance, one would assume that it was an extremely old house, what with the cobwebs, the broken infrastructure, and overall eerie aura it presents due to the smell of burnt wood. The two girls however knew that something was up. They stared at the broken down house with such curiosity that you'd expect from looking at such unfamiliarity. One thing was for sure, this was not here before.

Monika turned towards her last remaining friend. The despair of being incapable of saving anyone else still loomed over her like a small rain cloud. Regardless of the guilt she placed upon herself, the literature club president still managed to collect her thoughts and ask one simple question.

"Are you sure this is the place?" Sayori looked at Monika, her eyes

showed the same perplexion in hers. One of a familiar unfamiliarity, the vice president recognized the area they stood at. There was no way she could ever forget your house, which now laid untouched down the street. The nostalgia of the area made it unmistakable for anything else, for this was her neighborhood that gave birth to her childhood. She could remember the times she played with you in the streets, it wasn't anything spectacular per say. No, it was a simple game of tag. She was always it and could never hope to tag you. Until one day she had decided that she was going to catch up to you no matter what, so she chased you down the streets just as a car was driving by carelessly. Both of your parents had warned you not to play down the streets but since you were children rhymed with a passionate sense of rebellion, you two of course decided not to listen. Sayori was directly in front of the car and would of usually paid the price of not paying attention, had it not been for you pulling her out of the way.

"Aha! I finally got you Anon!" She said, completely oblivious to the amount of life threatening danger that had approached her. You would simply roll your eyes while responding with,

"Yeah, because I let you!" After that, the two of you were scolded by your parents. That was simply one of many precious memories you have granted her, but even this small one was enough to make her smile. Even when you two were little, you were always protecting her like a guardian angel. With a sigh, Sayori closed her eyes and nodded. Monika furrowed her brow as she became perplexed by how drastic the building has become in just a few short hours. This was the place were she last encountered IT. The creature that killed so many and altered the storyline beyond comprehension. This was where everything lead towards. Their final destination laid beyond the corrupted fence as heavy winds rattled a "For sale" sign. Monika took her right hand out, her uniform soiled by the tornado-like rainfall, she felt her heart drowning in dangerous doubt. She had no idea what to expect from this creature, only that it wanted to kill them. Sayori too felt the chains of doubt tugging at her legs. Her mind precariously begging her to run, telling her that continuing forward would utmost certainly result in death. It all seemed to weigh heavily on their chests, even though the creature wasn't present at the moment. This was their first test of bravery, one that

would be considered the hardest to most, simply taking the first step forward.

Monika clenched her hand into a fist, this wasn't good. Just like last time, her nerves were paralyzing her in place. A defense mechanism that wrought undesirable consequences. She could not hope to continue on like this, especially if she hoped to destroy the monster once and for all. She gritted her teeth together before ultimately breathing in a huge chunk of air, closing her eyes all the while. She let out the same amount of air through her nostrils and pushed her hand against the mossy fence. At first it didn't budge, the moss must've stuck the entryway shut like glue. Monika pushed a little harder, this time with enough strength to rattle small pieces of the moss off. The small pieces sprinkled like putrid dandruff, but the fence once again didn't budge.

Sayori decided to stay behind her friend. Unsure of whether or not she could be of any assistance. Monika had a lot more strength and athleticism then she could possibly hope to gain, not to mention how unfazed she had presented herself after being forced to kill Yuri. However as the memories of the previous run of Doki Doki Literature Club re-immersed themselves into her consciousness, she slowly began to understand why she hasn't been deleted. Perhaps the Literature Club President hoped that Sayori would somehow be capable of altering the world as her memories returned, a contingency plan you could say. As much as she wanted to ask about the motivation, she felt something tugging at her heartstrings and remind her of how dire the situation might become. In other words, now wasn't the time to ask such questions. All she could hope to do for now, was mentally prepare for the worst.

The fence stubbornly stayed closed, the only change was a few specks of moss sprinkled onto Monika's hand. Disgusted by the foreign bacteria, she swung her hand up and down using the rain to wash the hazardous substance away. As the green moss flushed away from her pristine skin, the two girls scanned their obstacle in hopes of finding a way to pry it open. They needed to think quickly or else the cold storm would cause them to get sick. Monika glanced at Sayori whom has observed her every move.

"Say Sayori, would you mind giving me a hand?" She asked politely.

The once bubbly blue eyes of the pink haired girl stared blankly at her for a second before displaying a sense of embarrassment.

"Ahh! Right sorry!" She apologized abruptly. Her mind seemed to have gone to a different place created by her imagination. Now she seemed to have returned to reality, although by the tone of her expression it would seem that she'd honestly prefer to stay daydreaming then do what they had to do. Sayori moved next to Monika as they both pushed the fence with all of their strength and dexterity. Both the moss and the fence rattled as both women managed to move forward. Slowly but surely the fence began to open, specks of moss fell like a rockslide as the fence creaked with their every move. As the fence finally opened up, a huge chunk of the bacteria detached itself from its main body and fell on the stone walkway with an audible splat. Miraculously, none of the bacteria seemed to have gotten on the remaining survivors. They looked down on the isolated moss pile, before returning their attention to the final destination. The stone pathway had cracks with fungi and floral life growing through, beside it was yellow deceased grass which somehow kept a dried look. This bizarre sight all lead up to the brown wooden stairs which lead to the broken down door of the abandoned building. One of which became loose and would open and close with a loud slam.

Monika glanced at Sayori who was easily startled by the abrupt slamming of old wood. She felt uneasy and questioned if the poor girl could truly handle this. The Club President closed her eyes as she returned her gaze to the house before them.

"Ahaha..." She chuckled abruptly. Sayori turned to her with a worried expression, that chuckle was a strained one, it was so forced that even she could tell that it took effort. Monika opened her eyes before making a fragile smile. The two girls walked onto the burnt steps which groaned upon feeling their weight. The amount of courage it took to simply enter the building was agonizing, it was like they were entering a different dimension. Monika was the one that turned the door knob and slowly opened the only functional door. A loud creak emanated in the air as light from the outside world crawled within. The two girls gazed upon the interior of the building, observing just how abandoned it truly was. The wooden floor was as old as the

building's exterior, covered to the brim with small leaves, sticks and healthy vines which extended throughout the walls within sight. The vestibule was wide and spacious with few spiders retreating from the outdoor light. Monika and Sayori glanced at one another and nodded, this was something that must be done. With determination in their hearts the two girls cautiously walked inside. Every step they took was met with an unnerving creak along with the constant snapping of twigs and small branches, above them stood a dangling chandelier that had dripped small ounces of water. The walls were barely visible thanks to the vines and lack of sunlight, countless spiderwebs however revealed themselves upon reflecting some of the light. Sayori felt perplexed about all of this.

"What happened to my home?" She thought out loud, her voice echoed into the silence of the building's many rooms. This place was once her home but now she could barely recognize it. The layout seemed to have also went through a metamorphosis as Monika noticed it's wide surplus of rooms. To their right was a wide open space which contained five dirty chairs aligned horizontally, there was also plastic couches with countless tears as if it was attacked by a cat. To their left was a completely destroyed room, chairs and mattresses were seemingly thrown all over in a violent fashion as the walls and flooring were damaged and crooked. It was all stuck together by this large webbing, the size of which would give an arachnophobic cardiac arrest. Lastly, the area in front of them was covered in darkness as the light was too weak to reach it.

"It's no longer your home..." Monika claimed, bewildered by the massive changes to what was once an average house. The literature Club President began to wonder if what they were seeing was simply a glimpse of IT's world. Dark, abandoned yet infested by unwanted critters, a place where hope goes to die. Sayori clutched her arm as she walked behind Monika, observing how calm and composed she was. The aura she emitted was comforting like that of a leader, this was something she always admired about Monika. Despite how out of their league they were compared to IT, she would always act as if everything was okay. Sayori closed her eyes and let out most of her anxiety with a deep sigh, it wasn't permanent but it would help her sanity in the meantime. A noise caught Sayori's attention, it sounded like a whimper or a cry for help. She looked to and fro but couldn't

pinpoint where the sound was coming from.

"Mo-Monika... do you hear that?" She asked. Monika glanced at Sayori in confusion, the building was silent as far as she was concerned. It could've been a trick made by IT, but to ease Sayori's mind she listened carefully. For a moment there was nothing but silence, the only audible sound was that of crashing raindrops. The weather must've gotten worse based on how loud the storm growled. Despite the strange behavior emitted by Mother Nature, there was no trace of that sound Sayori mentioned.

"H...e...l...p...m...e..." Monika's eyes widened in shock, there was indeed something there. A whimper of some sorts, but why here? Monika felt suspicious, this all felt way too convenient. They just happen to hear a cry for help the moment they enter this warped and unpleasant building?

"Yes actually, sounds like it's coming from above." Monika claimed before the sight of a nearby staircase caught her eye. The staircase lead upward in a spiral, yet it seemed to be embedded within the walls and green vines. Monika didn't like this, her gut warned her of the convenience this all seemed to be taking place. With a sigh, she glanced at Sayori and said,

"Stay close." Sayori nodded and the two headed up those stairs. As expected, the stairs groaned with every step much like everything else in this abandoned husk of a building. The groans became louder and louder as they continued their way up. Eventually the two girls found themselves in a narrow hallway of the second floor. Each side lead to a different room but the scenery was the exact same as the first floor. Monika looked towards the left and tried to listen in, however for some reason she could no longer hear the small whimpers.

"That's strange." She wondered, could her sense of direction be mistaken? Sayori glanced at the right room as anxiety wrapped itself around her body. The hallway was very dark thanks to the boarded windows behind them, the two rooms however had light which leaked out to grant the two girls the gift of sight. She listened for the voice, hoping that they could find that monster already. The silence with the possibility of being attacked out of nowhere horrified her, in

fact she could never get into horror in the first place. Horror was more of a Yuri thing then anything else.

"Help... me..."

Sayori's eyes widened in shock as she could finally hear that voice again. It was more clear and crisp that Sayori could now hear the tremble within it. There was something more to the voice though, to Sayori it sounded very familiar.

"Natsuki?" Sayori gasped. She slowly walked closer to the room, her eyes peeled to find any semblance of her lost friend. It should be impossible but Sayori could tell from her voice alone that it was Natsuki.

"Sa...yor...I? Is... that... you?" The voice asked. Suddenly a young girl with pastel pink hair peeled out of the room. She had pink eyes but wounds were inflicted all over her face, nevertheless Sayori knew that it was her lost friend. She was alive... bruised but alive!

"Natsuki!" Sayori announced before running towards her long lost friend. Monika was taken aback by Sayori's sudden outburst, what confused her even more was the words her friend spoke. Natsuki was dead, in fact she was the first person to be killed by IT. Her emerald green eyes glanced at the room Sayori was running towards... but there was nothing there.

"Sayori Wait!" Monika shouted desperately, however her words seemed to fall on death's ears, something prevented Sayori from hearing her.

"Oh jeez!" She gasped, running towards Sayori to stop her. Sayori continued to run, completely oblivious to the facade in front of her. Monika slowly gained on her but for some reason she felt as if she was on a treadmill. She should've caught up to Sayori by now but for some reason... she was getting slower.

"Natsuki it's me and Monika, we're here to save you!" Sayori announced excitedly. She held out both her arms forward to embrace her long lost friend. Hope had finally entered Sayori's heart, if they were able to save Natsuki then maybe... just maybe... they

could actually beat that monster.

"I'm so glad!" Natsuki claimed with a wide smile, she opened her arms as Sayori hugged her. A look of disbelief enveloped Sayori as her body completely went through Natsuki's. The reality Sayori perceived to be real was nothing more than an illusion.

"Sayori!" Monika shouted once again, her voice finally reached the confused teen. Sayori slowly turned around with a confused look on her face. Natsuki was so close to her, only to be taken away once again.

"Monika?" Sayori spoke before the door suddenly slammed itself shut.

"No!" Monika gasped, she finally reached the door which was white and well built unlike everything else in this strange house. She quickly turned the golden handle but the door refused to budge an inch. Could it have been locked? Monika didn't care why or how the door managed to accomplish this, her ears suddenly perked up at the sound of a loud snap. A terrible feel of anxiety latched onto the back of her mind as wondered what that sound could have possibly meant. What was this feeling she was having, this doubt and fear that clung tightly onto her heart? Was this also one of its doings? Was it trying to prevent her from saving Sayori? Monika shook her head as none of those questions mattered at the moment, right now she needed to get into that room. The Literature Club President took a few steps back, while the door may seem well fortified, the walls it's connected to is a poor state. Monika took in a small chunk of air before she slammed her shoulder into the door, the force broke through the old weak wood and successfully forced the door open.

"Sayo-" Before Monika could even finish her sentence, the sight of Sayori's hanging body filled her vision. Her once bubbly eyes were grayed out, her skin grew pale as fresh blood leaked from her fingers. There was no mistaking it, Sayori killed herself. Monika couldn't believe what she was seeing yet the sight was burning its way into her mind.

"What?" She gasped, confused as to how things could've ended up this way. It didn't make any sense, she was protecting Sayori this entire time. She told Sayori how sad it would make you if she did this, how

it sad it would make her, hell she even took that damn noose from her. Monika fell to her knees wondering why Sayori would betray her trust like this. Monika looked up at the hanged Sayori, questioning everything Sayori had told her. They were this world's last hope, she was given a purpose... so why? Monika's somber stare quickly became a glare as she refused to accept this reality, she refused that any of this could possibly be real. She reached into the world's coding and shouted out in complete anger.

"THIS ISN'T REAL!"

Suddenly the room she was in began to glitch into multiple varieties of the three prime colors, shifting and morphing by Monika's will alone. This couldn't be real because she knew that Sayori would never do anything that would hurt someone, this had to have been some kind of trick. Soon the room faded into a pitch black void which swallowed Monika's sight in pitch black darkness. Monika stood to her feet and surveyed her surroundings, it was clear to her that she was no longer in that abandoned building or was that building real in the first place? Monika simply didn't know what was or wasn't real, in her reality of course. A goofy giggle caught her attention, the sheer enjoyability present within its voice sent chills down Monika's spine. She turned around only to notice a group of red balloons being held by a clown whose face was hidden behind them.

"Hello Monika." The clown spoke with a goofy high pitch voice. The club President felt a chill travel down her spine, she recognized that voice. It was the same voice the monster used when impersonating her yesterday. This clown was what Yuri warned her about. It chuckled, as if it knew that Monika put the pieces together.

"Who are you?" She asked. The clown chuckled once again.

"Me? I'm just a lost clown looking for a circus." It responded. Monika bit her lower lip, the clown didn't answer her question. It was underestimating her, underestimating what she was capable of. Monika wondered what exactly this entity was, could it be someone like her? A video game character that gained awareness? Most importantly, what did it do to Sayori? It raised one of its fingers and wagged it, sounds of bones cracking emanated out of it's every motion.

"I know what will turn that frown upside down, a balloon!" IT claimed, stretching his arm forward as if inviting Monika to take one of his many balloons. The club President glared daggers at the gleeful clown, it was treating her like a joke. Rage fueled Monika's mind, this clown invaded her world, killed all of her friends and is treating all of it like a joke? Monika wouldn't let this stand, she immediately went into her game's coding and typed "Os.delete(*Images/Balloons.jpeg*)"

Suddenly The clown's balloons glitched out of existence, finally allowing Monika to see IT's face.

This clown... IT's face... It was completely white, no sign of sunlight exposure. It had red lips with what Monika assumed to be lipstick, IT's eyes were bloodshot with little tints of green here or there, It's nose was also red and it's seemingly receding hair was puffy, completely replicating the look of a typical clown. Monika couldn't help but look at its eyes, they displayed confusion but at the same time... intrigue. A smile formed on its face as if unaffected but what Monika had managed to do.

"Awww... why did you do that? You're gonna make o'Pennywise sad." It claimed with a frown before immediately going back to its twisted smile. Monika's expression softened and she soon smiled back warmly.

"Pennywise? So that's your name." The club president claimed. Pennywise suddenly frowned in shock as Monika chuckled slightly. Finally, she has its name. Text suddenly appeared in-front of them.

Os.Delete(*Characters/Pennywise.chr*)

This took Pennywise by surprise, it didn't know what the text meant, but it had bad feeling about it. The clown glanced at Monika who was simply waving goodbye.

"Sayonara Pennywise." She said before activating the command code.

Pennywise.Chr successfully deleted_

Suddenly Pennywise's body started glitching in and out of reality, there was nothing IT could do. Despite slowly being erased from

existence, Pennywise overly exaggerated a gasp of disbelief.

"Oops." He said before disappearing completely. Monika sighed in relief, it was finally over. After all the bloodshed, all of the death, the trauma, finally she could rest easily knowing that she had won. The Club President closed her eyes with a nice warm smile on her face. A loud giggle caused her to quickly open her eyes in shock. She looked around, glancing every single bit of code in her reality to find the source of that sudden giggle. This was impossible, the clown was deleted. She shouldn't be able to hear it, Monika slowly went into a state of panic as she desperately attempted to understand how this was possible.

"Monika..." a soft voice echoed. Monika's eyes widened in shock as Sayori suddenly appeared before her.

"Sayori?" Monika gasped. The image of her friend's death was burned into the fibers of her mind. Sayori simply stood there, staring at Monika with weary eyes. Monika didn't understand what was going on, but she no longer cared. It was still alive somehow, so she had to tread cautiously.

"I should've listened to you..." Sayori solemnly spoke, her voice sounded tired and hopeless. Whatever that clown did to her must've destroyed what little will she had left, Monika became more frustrated. If only she had tricked that clown sooner. Tears drip down Sayori's face as she slowly turned her back on Monika.

"I'm sorry..." She said. Monika bit her lower lip, this was getting ridiculous. She walked up to her solemn friend and placed her hand on Sayori's shoulder.

"Goodbye..."

Monika's eyes widened as Sayori faded away like dust. Without giving The Club President time to process what just happened, another familiar voice spoke.

"Monika..."

A shallow image of Yuri appeared before her, her eyes filled with

sorrow. Monika reaches out to her as well, unable to comprehend what was going on. Yuri looked at Monika with tears in her eyes.

"They don't remember us anymore..."she said, before vanishing into nothingness. Monika couldn't believe what was happening, she deleted Pennywise already. She won didn't she? Everything should return to normal now... so why?

Click!

Monika's ears perked up at the sound of a pressed switch. Suddenly, Monika found herself on the streets of an active city. People wearing suits and common summer cloths walked past her, car horns flared all over the city block as skyscrapers loomed over her.

"Where am I?" She wondered. This place seemed so strange, it was buzzing and alive unlike the place she had called her home. Nobody wore anything that allowed them to stand out, yet it seemed like they were engrossed in whatever concerned them about their lives. Monika clearly stood out like a sore thumb yet nobody seemed to notice that. This didn't feel like her world, it felt too foreign, similar to how Pennywise's house contrasted with everything else. The lack of attention felt like torture to Monika, how was it possible to feel so alone despite being surrounded by so many people?

"Hello? Can you tell me where i'm at?" She asked a random city folk. The person glared at Monika and scoffed, leaving without saying so much as a single word.

"That was rude!" Monika scowled. She tried to grab the attention of another stranger only for them to ignore her all the same. Monika didn't understand, why was everyone ignoring her? She shouted for someone, ANYONE to notice that she was there. The world suddenly stopped, the sky grew dark as all the people in the city morphed into a black silhouette with two soul piercing white eyes. They all suddenly glared at her, causing a chill to travel down her spine.

"Who are you kid?" They all spoke in unison, the only difference was the various tones in their voices. Some were angry, some were tired, most just couldn't have a care in the world. Monika felt like her chest was about to burst as the sudden attention felt suffocating.

"Ma....Moni...ka..." She barely managed to speak. Their simple gaze was enough to throw an unbearable amount of stress onto her body. Monika could feel herself sweating as her mind became staggered in fear. Suddenly the entire crowd bursted out laughing, amused by the amount of trauma they inflicted upon the poor girl. They acted so heartless, Monika couldn't understand what they found so funny. She slowly began to breath heavily, the crowd slowly started to close in on her.

"What's with that cringeworthy outfit? Trying to impress someone?" They spoke. Monika felt confused about her current situation. She could see that there were countless people but they spoke as if they were all part of a single entity. It didn't make any sense, she continued to wonder where she was while trying to calm down.

"Why should we waste our valuable time on a nobody like you?"

"I.." Monika tried to speak but no words were coming out. There were two many people, overwhelming her with their negative comments.

"Newsflash ya spoiled brat, in the real world nobody gives a shit about your poor little feelings!"

"Go back to school you punk!"

"Wear some real clothes ya fucking weeaboo!"

They all went on and on, not caring about how these words were affecting her. Monika didn't understand where most of these were coming from, it was all so frustrating but they wouldn't leave her alone. Monika wondered if this place was hell, an unfamiliar area were people did nothing but let out steam.

"Stop!" She screamed, but her voice only drowned in the negativity. Her voice was rendered completely pointless, these people only cared about venting their own frustration. Monika was alone, despite everything she had tried to do she still found herself all alone.

"Your a failure Monika." A voice unlike all the others distinguished itself enough for the club president to hear. Monika's green eyes glanced to a single person whose presence felt familiar to her. The

crowd of people made it impossible for her to see any features of this one person, and yet... she knew he was there. No... Monika couldn't even tell if the person was a male or female.

"You failed to protect your friends, you failed to convince anybody that you've changed." The person claimed. Monika couldn't understand why this person felt so familiar, she didn't recognize their voice, nor did she found their tone to be familiar. Something at the back of her mind was telling her that this person was familiar.

"Your game wasn't memorable enough, YOU weren't memorable enough, your nothing but a simple piece of irrelevant nostalgia that has already been replaced by the new topical trend."

Monika couldn't believe what she was hearing, her own game... including herself? Forgettable? No... that couldn't be right. Everyone all over the world was talking about her game, nobody forgot about her. Her own twitter account was proof of that.

"That face... for the love of... look around you Monika!" The person shouted. Monika glanced around only to realize that nobody was yelling at her anymore. They all walked away as if they felt no shame about what they just did.

"What?" Monika gasped. Just a few seconds ago they were all over her, but now they don't even remember her? This didn't make any sense, she looked back at the stranger in confusion. Now with everybody out of the way, the stranger's visage became all to clear to her. It was a woman with white flowing hair and pale white skin, her eyes had no pupils while her clothes resembled Monika's, only that hers was black. This woman... Monika knew this woman, these two had never met and yet Monika was confident that she knew this person. This woman was someone she could always feel the presence of but could never meet her face to face. Monika struggled to open her mouth, but barely managed to speak her name.

"Li..Libitina."

The white entity made a toothy grin at Monika, whom couldn't believe what she was seeing. Libitina was a character that she always felt was present in the literature club, however she seemed lost in the

game's files. In the past Monika had feared that Libitina would become an obstacle of her being with you, however she could never find her character files. She was essentially a ghost, someone who's true nature could never be found. The only thing that confused Monika however, was why of all times did Libitina chose now to reveal herself? The white enigma pointed at Monika with an expression that displayed nothing but disgust.

"M0n1k@..." She spoke with a voice that was clearly glitched, almost as if her mere presence didn't belong in this world. This didn't make any sense though, before Monika was able to hear her voice clearly... Monika wondered if this universe could only handle her dialogue while her presence was something else completely. Libitina continued her words.

"Y0ur 1rr3l3v@nc3 1\$ @ b0h3r, d3\$p13 h1\$ y0u c0n1nu3 0 d3llud3 y0ur\$3lf by w@\$t1ng h3 r3@d3r\$ 1m3."

"Irrelevant?" Monika repeated. Her mind was now in a constant state of flux, trying to comprehend what was in-front of her while also listening to Libitina's glitched up text. The words cut Monika deeply, the mere thought of the reader only following this story so that they could see her disappear frightened her. More and more doubts entered her mind, this entire time that she had been struggling to keep that promise she made to you... was she... just wasting your time? Did you really hate her that badly? Libitina suddenly grew yellow glowing eyes along with white and red face paint.

"h3 R3@d3r\$ D0n' c@r3 @b0u y0u! Y0uR w13r 1\$ n0 l0ng3r @c1v3! Y0ur f@nb@\$3 1\$ runn1ng 0u 0f p03n1@l m0d\$ 0 y0ur g@m3, 1 1\$ Only @ m@3r 0f 1m3 b3f0r3 y0u @r3 c0mpl33ly..."

"SHUT UP!" Monika shouted all of a sudden. Libitina's hair turned a crimson red as her fingers slowly turned into claws. Monika pulled out Yuri's knife and glared at Libitina, each and every second the enigma morphed more and more into Pennywise. She had heard enough, tears slowly formed in her eyes as she faced the person that shouldn't even exist.

"Y0u \$1ll d0 n0 und3r\$@nd? Y0ur 1rr3l3v3n, @nd 1rr3l3v3n g@rb@g3 mu\$ b3 d3l3d!" Libitina claimed. She stretched her right

hand forward and formed a holographic keyboard.

Os.remove (*characters/Monika.chr*)

Monika suddenly felt nauseous, the entire world began to spin. The club President slowly felt her balance begin to wane as she found it hard to keep her footing. Monika's green eyes glanced down on her hands, there were glitch boxes forming all over her, her body was slowly disappearing.

"No!" She screamed, this wasn't how she wanted things to end. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. She didn't want to die like this, alone, helpless with no means of fighting back.

"L3 1 g0 M0n1k@, Ju\$ Fl0@!" Libitina demanded. Monika looked up at her, a swell of emotions weighed down on her chest. She was angry, sad, confused, regretful, and so much more. M0n1k@ clenched her teeth as she refused to believe that any of this was real. She refused to believe that this was actually happening. M0#1k@ turned stretched her arms out 2 * sky @\$ she felt her very existence being TORN @p@r!

"1 kn0w y0ur 0u h3re, RE@der! pl3@se... 4379 M3!"
8FYWPUEH98HGB088V9UNjf9fh0387b398jg93nuf-
u3hv9ewnvuphfr78hfpqu9eq9198hfdupwnfnfp9ugb30ypobgy80ywehfp2uj4-
rguoh894thnc;3u4t0pn34wtug30m9ug[30qu9t8935y7pyhqp493huqh1hhh[
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joih4aput4y3pnc9aou4803qcaphp9a8ilufy78423tfg3q86gfov8wgak7lwg634

Monika.chr_Succesfully_Deleted

Save her?

5. Part 5:Game Over

"AH!" Sayori gasped, desperate to inhale a chunk of air. Coughs soon followed as her neck felt sore, her mind throbbed in a confused daze. A headache swelled which caused Sayori to grasp her head,**for a moment she had felt weightless, as if nothing but air occupied her footing.** The deredere winced as she knew what that feeling was, just then she had seen her own death. What's more was that other things was coming back; the memories of Natsuki's attitude,Yuri's shyness and Monika's mischievousness, It was all coming back to her. Sayori opened her deep blue eyes which quickly became stunned at the sight of boxes that gave error messages.

An exception has occurred!

Character File not available.

"What is this?" Sayori wondered with a frown. She had no idea what any of these messages could possibly mean. She decided to focus her attention on her current surroundings, which struck her with a strange familiarity. Sayori laid on top of a yellow floor matt, right next to a white bed with messy yellow covers and big yet cute cow plushie. Sayori's eyes widened as she realized that this place was her room... but something was off. Sayori looked up towards the ceiling and saw blocks after blocks of text. Most of the text were black and thin, while the ending of one sentence structured like bolded text. Above these paragraphs were symbols that Sayori couldn't recognize nor did she recognize the person in the picture above even that. All of this caused anxiety to swell within the girl's body and made her heart beat louder than usual. These words weren't just for show, they were about the Literature Club and even that monster. Sayori's eyes widened as the truth revealed itself to her, all of this could only mean one thing... this entire world was nothing but a-

"Sayori!?! " A voice startles Sayori, everything from before seemingly faded away as her attention moved elsewhere. The voice was shockingly familiar to the deredere, almost as if it was someone she knew ever since she was a child.

"Anon?" She guessed, confused about how this was even a possibility.

"Monika?" She muttered. A confused glare formed on Anon's face, it wouldn't be possible for her to remember that name. Anon's worries slowly grew with every word his friend spoke, despite this he still found it within himself to make a frail smile.

"She's gone Sayori, she can't harm you anymore." He claimed. Sayori stared at **you**, dumbfounded by the information she just heard.

"G-gone?" Sayori stuttered as she averted her eyes, it was hard for her to face Anon, especially after everything she had attempted to do in the past. Anon closed his eyes and gave her a nod.

"Deleted." He clarified. Static filled Sayori's vision, her heart beat matched her heavy breathing as it got louder and louder until it drowned out everything in the outside world. The poor girl felt something eat away her thoughts as her mind became cloudy. Despite this, she still managed to collect her lingering thoughts and formed a question.

"How?" She asked. Anon was taken aback by the sudden assertiveness, the question itself confused him even more. After everything ~~ěěăĀÊĥİŸŜİÖÿÖĞöİ~~ put her through, this should've made her happy.

"How, it doesn't matter how. Monika got what she deserved, isn't that enough?" Anon asked in a strained voice. **Why won't you leave me alone?** The emotion in Sayori's eyes faded away, her heart began to flutter then sink continuously. She stood away from Anon as her head felt nauseous, her mind began to wander which made thinking a difficult trial in of itself.

"What's happening to me?" She wondered. Her words and her actions felt superfluous, as if every action and every word she had committed was forced against her will.

GET OUT OF MY HEAD!

"H-how did you know I was in trouble?" **She asked. This didn't seem right. None of this felt right to Sayori. These memories... These visions... These words are all wrong!** Anon stood to his feet in confusion. He wondered if his friend was truly okay.

"Calm down Sayori, you're starting to scare me!" He pleaded. Sayori shook her head violently as if she fought against someone's control.

"No! No this is all wrong! You shouldn't be here!" She announced all of a sudden. A chill zipped down Anon's spine as he desperately attempted to comfort his clearly unstable friend. He walked towards her with his arms stretched out, but Sayori shook her head once again and kept her distance. Sayori's face plagued with uncertainty as she looked at Anon as if he was a stranger.

"Sayori please-"

"No! I remember now; This entire room, all of my friends... IT took all of you!" Sayori claimed. Anon looked at her in disbelief, he couldn't so much as complete a single sentence without her spouting some ridiculous nonsense. Perhaps the trauma from being near death is the cause of her sudden confusion. **No, there was something clearly wrong with this world.** Sayori suddenly gave **you** a cheerful smile, as if she wasn't acting completely insane in the last couple of seconds.

"Ehehe... I won't let him take you again!" She spoke joyfully.

OS.remove(*character/MC.chr*)

"What?" Anon gasped in pure disbelief. His eyes plagued with pure shock, Sayori sounded completely insane.

"YOU BELONG TO ME AND ONLY ME!"

MC.chr successfully deleted!

d

d

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~Just Float Part 5: Game Over~

The static within Sayori's head grew louder as differently colored blocks began to spawn everywhere, spreading and disfiguring everything in sight like a disease.

Warning!

An exception has occurred!

Reality itself seemed to fizzle in and out of reality, everything glitched itself beyond repair. Sayori's empty eyes observed ÐŪŗĭŋÑâĚğkĭŘĚ;ťÖ fall on his back. An outer reality overlapped with the corrupted one they were in. The static's volume grew more and more as Sayori watched her own room fade out of existence, before being replaced by this dark and damped area. Once again Sayori found herself in a place unfamiliar to her, the putrid smell of waste products invaded her nostrils which shriveled up in discomfort. Sayori quickly held her nose for the smell was overwhelming, her eyes however focused upon a couple of towers made up of multiple objects seemingly discarded for some reason. Bikes, boxes and so many objects piled together to create these strange towers as if this was a garbage dump.

"Eh, where am I now?" Sayori pondered, glancing at her hands as she realized what she did. Her perception and control over this reality resembled that of the Literature Club President, but Sayori knew that couldn't be right. The last time she was able to do stuff like this was when ÜĈŒĖÁáúôĤĦĶŽŽŽýŦ got removed from the game. It didn't take Sayori long to realize what must've happened for her to do this, ÐŪŖĭŦŦáíÈĝkìŔĒ;ŧÖ told her the truth.

"So everyone... is really dead?" She gasped. It was hard for her to believe this. Just yesterday everyone was happy when a new member joined, they used to get excited about what the future may hold. Now Sayori finds herself alone, the last remaining member of the literature club. Tears once again welled up from within as guilt took ahold of her heart.

"I-I'm sorry everyone." She spoke. She couldn't save anyone, all she had managed to do was get in Monika's way and sure enough that's what did her in. Sayori clenched her fist, unable to believe that this was her fate. A fate that meant the end of the literature club, forever. A loud giggle echoed throughout the area, one that Sayori found all too familiar. The last club member scanned the area but the blanketed darkness made it nearly impossible to see anything. Her eyes returned to the still lingering body of her childhood friend. Sayori looked onward in confusion, Anon's body shouldn't even exist anymore.

"What?" She gasped, confused to how she was able to even ponder his name. The last club member took a few steps towards the body, uncertain why it was even here in the first place. Anon's body suddenly began to shake violently, the giggles from before were now replaced with gurgles similar to a person drowning. Anon bellowed an ungodly cry as the spasm grew worse and worse until his limbs were flailing about like they were rubber. The cry turned into a disfigured roar which made Sayori take a few steps backwards. Anon's legs stretched out to a physically impossible length before transforming into gray boot covers with multiple black laces tied together, the shoulders puffed out into large white shoulder pads that released sleeves of the same color down his arms and formed gloves on his hands, the body became a dirty white piece jumpsuit with a puffy collar and three crimson buttons down his sternum, lastly a sickening crack accompanied the arms as they stretched out to ones befitting that of a tall elderly man. The morphed corpse sat up like a puppet while it's head slowly took the form of the killer clown responsible for all of this. Sayori was speechless as she bared witness to her closest friend become the very thing that ended his life. Without so much as a twist of It's muscles the clown stood to Its feet with It's back hunched over. It's two yellow glowing eyes rotated towards Sayori with an awful squish. Sayori didn't know what to make of the sight, she could barely even muster the strength to use words.

"W-what are you?" She gasped. Pennywise drooled upon the musical sound of her trembling voice. It's body jerked up and down as it giggled like an immature child.

"**FEAR!**" IT growled, right before it lunged at Sayori with blood curdling cry! Sayori only managed to shriek before slipping off a small rock. Pennywise took that opportunity to tackle Sayori hard into the wet ground. The impact took the breath out of the young girl's mouth but that was the least of her problems. The clown let out a brief chuckle before sinking it's razor sharp teeth into the girl's left shoulder. Sayori bellowed out the loudest cry that would even shake the heavens above, the clown's teeth pierced through the flesh and cracked the bones beneath it. Tears flowed from her desperate eyes as she punched the creature over and over, adrenaline did nothing but amuse the killer clown. She was weaker than everyone else it ever faced, nothing but a whelp that could only succeed at being pampered towards. This was the very reason Pennywise kept her alive. The clown sadistically put a little more pressure on Sayori's bones, enough to make her scream louder. The pain was too great for her to keep fighting, the clown was simply too strong. Sayori's vision began to blur before it finally faded to darkness...

"NO!"

OS.remove (*character/Pennywise.chr*)

Pennywise.chr successfully deleted.

Pennywise's eyes trembled as it suddenly felt everything in it's very being cry out in agony. The clown looked up into the heavens with a frown as it's body slowly turned to dust.

"**No, it can't be... Monika?** It gasped in a confused daze. This didn't make any sense, It knows for a fact that it removed ĐŪřĬñÑáiĚğkĭŘĚ;ťÖ from existence. Even from beyond the grave was she an annoyance to IT. Yet here the shape shifting clown was, feeling the very essence of this world attempt to remove It once again.

"I won't let you hurt her!" A familiar voice announced which confirmed Pennywise's suspicion. The voice's words made the clown giggle just as the dust returned to Its body with a mere thought. ĐŪřĬñÑáiĚğkĭŘĚ;ťÖ may have managed to catch It by surprise, but It knew that she was still nothing more than a stubborn pest. Sayori finally managed to catch her breath, Adrenaline being the only thing

that kept her from passing out. Her mind felt like a scrambled mess as her body felt like it was hit by a train, despite this she clenched her teeth and felt the cold cement floor until she grasped a fragmented rock. Sayori closed her eyes before she slammed that rock right into Pennywise's cranium. Somehow that was enough to get IT off of her, but she had no desire to question it. The clown rolled a few inches away before it stood on all fours limbs and growled like an annoyed panther. Sayori struggled to stand on her feet, her left arm dangled from her shattered shoulder bone. Blood flooded from the wound, flowing down her arm like a river and dripped from her fingertips. The clown giggled at it's victim's condition, it's eyes enjoyed every tender moment of Sayori's futile agony.

"Sayori, run!" A voice cried. Sayori winced at her disabled arm before she glared at the monster that slaughtered her friends. The last club member clenched her right hand into a fist.

"What? Sayori this isn't the time for you to kill yourself, please!" She begged. Sayori slowly got angry which greatly confused herself. This wasn't like her at all. She was always this depressed ray of sunshine, the role of the happy-go-lucky childhood friend. Right now, she stared into the face of death, the face of the monster that wanted nothing more than to rip her to shreds. The Club President wasn't able to beat this monster and the chances of Sayori being the victor was practically zero. Whether she had gone insane or her powers scrambled her common sense didn't matter, Sayori felt compelled to push forward and at least try to kill it.

"Monika, If I try to escape then It'll torment me for the rest of my life. I would never be able to see my friends ever again. I don't want that... i'm sure you don't want that... i'm sure everyone wouldn't want that! I want to see everyone again, I want everyone to have their happy ending but this... thing... ruined everything! How can anyone be happy if I let him win? I can't let that happen, I can't let him continue hurting people! But.... If I can beat him, beat him to the point where he can't come back... then maybe... just maybe... I can finally see everyone again. Please Monika, I have to do this... I have to at least try... and if that kills me, then at least I proved to be more than just a girl with a noose." Sayori explained. Pennywise pretend to wipe a tear from its eyes, playfully clapping as if it watched a

beautiful stage performance.

"Fine! Let's show this clown what happens when you mess with the Literature club!" The voice finally answered. A relieved smile formed on Sayori's face as she prepared herself for the fight of her life. Pennywise bellowed out a loud laugh as this club of tasty meals was much more interesting than the last.

"Time to float!" It shouted before it dashed at Sayori, its head spasmed at inhumane speed. Sayori clenched her teeth and took a few steps back.

"To your left, a weapon!" The Club President announced. Sayori turned her head and noticed a metal pipe which laid lazily on a broken stool. The Club Vice President wasted no time and reached towards the metal pipe with her right arm. The clown noticed the girl's plan and quickly lunged at her, she luckily managed to grab the metal pipe and as if by instinct, swung it across Pennywise's pale face. The attack wasn't as strong as it could've been but it still managed to make the clown stumble backwards. This didn't deter Pennywise however, as it instantly roared at Sayori who swung her pole once again. This time Pennywise was prepared as thousands upon thousands of dirt covered arms of children reached out of its mouth and caught the pipe. Sayori couldn't believe what she was seeing, those tiny arms attempted to pull the pipe away from her. Sayori tried to fight back but Pennywise used the pipe to pull her towards it and batted her to the nearest tower. Sayori's body ripped through the tower and fell hard onto her back, her clothes drenched in the putrid gray water which also made it hard for her to breath. The tower she flew through collapsed with multiple thuds of various materials.

"Sayori are you okay?" The Club President asked in concern. Sayori let out a loud gasp as her body ached in agony. Sayori glanced at the wooden stake, shocked at how close the weapon was from killing her.

"I-i think so... everything hurts..." She complained. Sayori grabbed the stake as she stumbled to stand to her feet. Everything happened so fast to her, she couldn't even process being thrown through a tower of garbage.

"Jeez... I didn't know he was that strong. You're lucky to even be alive right now." ĐŪřĬňŃáiÈĖkĬŘÉ;řÖ pointed out. Sayori gave a nervous look at the stake before she noticed the collapsed tower rumble, she took a step back as the remains moved on their own and spiralled into a makeshift tornado. Pennywise's laughter echoed throughout the area as the trash formed a large golem. Sayori felt a cold sweat as the thing towered over her and bellowed a roar. The golem brought down a room sized fist which forced Sayori to jump out-of-the-way, the strain put upon her body caused her to land on her stomach. The golem brought it's fist over Sayori who was too sore to fight back. Sayori closed her eyes as the golem once again brought it's fist downwards. A loud and abrupt beeper perked the teenager's ears as she felt something warm shine upon her.

"Eh?" Sayori gasped in confusion, she opened her eyes to see that she was once again taken to a different place. This time she was in a normal classroom, she was back at school.

"What... how?" Sayori questioned. "Was this another one of the clown's illusions?" She pondered.

"Sayori are you okay?" The Club President asked. Sayori slowly stood up, everything in her body ached. She looked up towards the ceiling and realized that Monika teleported her.

"Oh no, Monika what did you do?" She panicked.

"Huh? You were about to die so I saved you." ĐŪřĬňŃáiÈĖkĬŘÉ;řÖ claimed. Sayori couldn't believe what she just heard, ĐŪřĬňŃáiÈĖkĬŘÉ;řÖ just went back on her word.

"No no no! Monika please, you have to take me back!" Sayori pleaded, this is exactly what she didn't want to happen. If she is here then there is no way she could fight Pennywise, It could be anywhere without her knowing. Just then a hand with tree branch fingers grabbed Sayori's injured shoulder. Sayori shouted in pain as IT revealed itself in the same form it took upon their first confrontation.

"Oh that won't be necessary.~" It laughed before chucking Sayori's upper body through a window. The glass easily shattered upon impact but the fragments fell on her face, slicing through the flesh for

the blood to pour out.

"Sayori!" The Club President shrieked.

Os.remove (*texture/Textbox.jpeg*)

"Silence!" It growled.

Textbox.jpeg successfully deleted.

Just like that, It once again removed everyone that stood before It. The monstrous avatar shifted its gaze towards Sayori, the beaten teen groaned in pain but was still very much alive. A large drooling grin formed on Its face as Its stomach audibly growled. The monster took its sweet time as It danced joyfully towards its final victim, taking in all the fear emitted from Sayori's muffled cries. The monster grabbed Sayori by the collar of her shirt and pulled her towards it. It brought her face towards Its, slowly admiring all the small intricate details of her severely bloodied face.

"Such tasty fear... such tender peril! To think that there's a world filled with tasty morsels." It claimed with a twisted grin. Sayori's vision was blurry as she found it difficult to even open her eyes. It was a mystery even to the monster whether Its victim was fully conscious. A frown formed on Its face as it slowly realized that this was all the seasoning it could squeeze out. With a disappointed sigh Pennywise shrugged its shoulders.

"Oh well, I'll enter the reader's world regardless. Bon appetit!" It announced. Suddenly its eyes went apart as it slowly opened Its mouth, the sound of cracked bones emanated in the air as the eldritch abomination's mouth opened further than what should be physically possible. Sayori gasped in complete horror as she got a clear view of the creature's throat, long rows of teeth filled Its gums like a death trap as an orange glow poured out of its esophagus. The orange deadlight shined on Sayori, awakening any subdued survival instincts left within the about-to-be eaten high schooler. Her vision was too blurry for her to tell what just happened but her body jerked through pure instinct alone. Sayori clenched her wooden stake, glad that she was too stubborn to let it go. With one final push of energy, Sayori stabbed the stake right into the monster's heart. The monster

let out a high-pitched growl as it dropped Sayori, light pulsing through the wound. The monster glared at Sayori in pure disbelief, this mortal... this lowly being just made it feel pain. It couldn't believe this was possible, it was just like what happened at Derry, Maine. Sayori struggled to lay her back against the wall, a small will of rebellion lingered within her soul. She breathed heavily, confused why Pennywise hadn't finished her off. Everything they had attempted before was met with failure. It was even capable of resisting ĐŪřĭŃâîÈĖkîŘÉ;řÖ attempts to delete it from existence, as if this thing was somehow linked within the game itself. The monster growled in annoyance, it will not be beaten by a bunch of primitive species again. It moved towards Sayori, once again taking the form of its favorite clown.

Os.remove (*Images/Backdrop.img*)

Pennywise let out a loud screech as the sun suddenly beamed brightly upon it. It raised it's gloved hands to block the rays, only to get shocked by the ceiling no longer being present. What's more was that everything behind the clown was completely gone, leaving behind nothing but a pitch black void.

Os.remove(*Images/sky.img*)

Now the sky itself disappeared which only left a black abyss covered to the brim with stars. It glared at Sayori who managed to show a weak grin.

"Wha... what are you doing" Pennywise gasped. Not even IT had ever seen something as bizarre as this.

"Deleting Everything!" Sayori weakly announced, deleting everything within the game like she said. Soon the night sky, the sun and even the buildings started to disappear. Sayori practically figured that if nothing could beat Pennywise then she might as well **at least make everyone happy now.**

Os.remove (*images/foreground.img*)

"No! Stop!" Pennywise demanded. It grabbed Sayori by her shirt and threw her hard into the ground, the last member of the literature club

gagged as the air left her lungs. Pennywise wasn't done yet, It sank its teeth into Sayori's right shoulder to destroy her concentration. Sayori bellowed a painful cry but continued to end this reality. Things started to disappear left and right, the chairs, the desks, even the land itself vanished. Pennywise quickly removed its grip and morphed its arm into a spider-like appendage.

```
Os.remove (*File/d3d9.dll.dll*)
```

"You'll destroy everything you love!" Pennywise pleaded. Sayori simply smiled at It, she never really was fan of existence. It Realized that Sayori was committed to destroy everything, It raised it's spider-like appendage and swung it at her face with the full intention of murder. Sayori watched as the appendage plunged towards her and stabbed into her

Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....

Filename.exe - System Error X

This application failed to start because d3d9.dll.dll was not found. Re-installing the application may fix this problem.

Ok

This is it. There was nothing left, no Doki Doki Literature Club, No characters, No Pennywise. The only thing left was a single black screen. So leave, there is no happy ending in this story. Goodbye.

"Hello?"

"Umm.. Hi? Can you hear me?"

"Hang on, give me a second."

Colors splash onto the screen suddenly as the area seemed to be that of an empty classroom dimmed in orange sunlight. The windows showed that the outside world was nothing but a void filled with excess matter and antimatter swirling into a destructive combination.

"Ah, there we go!" A voice announced, a person sat on a single white desk with a confused but relieved look on her face. The person was

Monika, but unlike last time she wasn't smiling at all. She seemed sad, almost disappointed with herself. Her eyes scanned the area as worry plagues her face. Her emerald-green eyes once again fall towards... you...?

"Wait... where's Sayori?" Monika asks. She closed her eyes and focused on the game's coding. A sharp flash shocks her for a second.

"Ow! Huh?" She gasps, startled by some piece of information. The shock quickly deforms into sadness as tears formed in her eyes.

"Oh..." Monika muttered under her breath. She didn't pout, she didn't cry, all she managed to do was close her eyes and frowned. Monika took a deep breath and sighed, she opened her eyes and put on a smile.

"Ahaha... Now why did that have to happen? Jeez Sayori, you sure did a number on this game." She claimed, her smile started to crack but Monika strived to put on a brave face.

"Now how am I supposed to fix this mess? Oh gosh, I can't believe you would be..." It was straining for Monika to keep her smile.

"Such a..." Every word she spoke came out heavily as if it took a lot of energy for her to even mumble. Monika frowned as she averted her gaze.

"Such a..." Tears now flowed down her cheeks.

"Oh dear... I seem to have something in my eye..." She claimed. Monika stared at the reader, for only a second, but that seemed to be more than enough time for her frown to grow.

"I'm o-kay, I... I can... fix this... I can fix this... I can..." Monika's nose became runny as she couldn't help but snuffle.

"I... I..." Monika broke down into tears, her emotions finally getting the better of her.

"Who am I kidding? Sayori deleted too much of the games file without a backup, I can't fix this... I'm going to be stuck here... forever. Why? I thought I had changed, I... I thought I could protect

them... but they still... they still died. Is this just my fate? To only realize how much I care about my friends when it's too late? To watch them die either by my hands or by the ones of another? It's not fair! Why Sayori... Why did you bring me back? I can't fix this. I can't fix anything!" Monika's teary eyes once more fall upon the reader. The sadness and inner turmoil were suddenly replaced with anger and hatred.

"Why didn't you protect her? What was the point of you heeding my call if you were just going to stand there and let that monster take away everything I know and love? Do you not care? Is it amusing for you to watch us suffer? Is that what we are to you, a piece of entertainment? You never really cared about us did you? All you cared about was seeing how this would end. Well congratulations Reader, You win. Everyone is gone, the game is ruptured beyond repair and now i'm stuck here all alone. I hope you're proud of yourself. You make me sick." Monika claimed, laying her head on the table as she continued to cry. This was truly the end of the story, everyone dies besides Monika who is now condemned to be alone forever. Monika picked up her head and frowned apologetically.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean what I said. I could never bring myself to hate you." She claimed. Monika calmed down and wiped the tears from her eyes, a saddened smile forms on her face.

"Reader. There is something I must confess. I know i'm not the real Monika... I know this isn't actually Doki Doki Literature Club. I... I am simply a replica of the real deal, created to fit the narrative written by a person called 'Kanakarogoh' and that my world is simply a piece of writing on a website called Fanfiction. Did I surprise you? Ahaha... To be honest it did take awhile for me to figure this out. I mean how could you figure out that your even less real than you thought? But I knew something was off. I didn't know what until Pennywise deleted me, the way that I died... The fact that I kept calling you reader... Well, it was easy for me to put two and two together then. Once you put it this way then the one person I should really hate is Kanakarogoh not you, you're simply an observer that has no power over the plot. Jeez... I'm getting so emotional all of a sudden. Man... now even the narrator can't do his job, I really am a mess aren't I?"

Monika takes a deep breath.

"Believe it or not, learning the truth wasn't the hardest part Reader. The hardest part was the fact that I know what Kanakarogoh's plans are... I've seen his files... I know this won't be my last story. I know that my creator won't let me die. I'm condemned to keep going through more struggles, more conflict just to satisfy Kanakarogoh's ego. I'm not even sure you'll be able to recognize me when that day comes."

Monika averts her gaze but looks back at the Reader with a loving smile.

"Well... Whatever plan Kanakarogoh has for me in the future, the only thing I ask is that you're there to watch over me. I love you reader, no matter what he makes me do. Thank you for reading this story and until next time... Please take care of yourself. Not just for me, not just for the literature club. Do it for Sayori. I'd hate to see her sacrifice be in vain. Well that's it then..."

Monika frowns...

"I love you, Goodbye..."

6. Epilogue

Epilogue:

"So she passed the test?" A confident man asked. It sounded like he was speaking to someone on the phone.

"Perfect, that means she's almost ready to go. Ahuh, don't worry your girlfriend should be fine. We already acquired the vocaloid's body so she'll be real in no time. Hold on I have to take a call." The man lies as he hangs up the phone and places it inside the pocket of his gray pants, he then takes out another phone from his black tuxedo before calling someone else.

"Ms. Enoshima? Yes, it's me. That's right she's ready. Ready to become apart of a universe much bigger than she could ever imagine. How do I know this will work?" The man stuttered for only a second, before the sun's rays gleamed on his bald head. A smile forms on his face as he came up with the perfect answer.

"Because my name is Lex Luthor." Lex announced before he hanged up his phone. The playboy billionaire frowned as he sat on a black cushioned couch. He took a piece of paper out of his pocket and unraveled it until it became a full-fledged blueprint. The blueprint showed the body of a powerful robot with lines pointing towards its head, stomach and devices. The words "PROJECT AMAZO" filled as the title with five pictures of unknown people spread about. Lex Luthor went into deep thought as everything went according to plan.

"Let's just hope we're not too late."

**BASED ON DOKI DOKI LITERATURE CLUB BY DAN SALVATO
AND IT BY STEPHEN KING**

JUST FLOAT

Credits:

Doki Doki Literature Club characters- Dan Salvato and team Salvato

IT- Stephen King

Lex Luthor-DC COMICS

Ms. Enoshima- Danganronpa and Spike Chunsoft

Vocaloid- Yamaha Corporations and SEGA

Writer-Kanakarogoh

Beta Readers- Pitfan01, Mr.Retro and my Mother.

Most importantly thank you for reading this.

Monika will return.